The Chiaroscuro 1907

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

http://www.archive.org/details/chiaroscuro11907seni

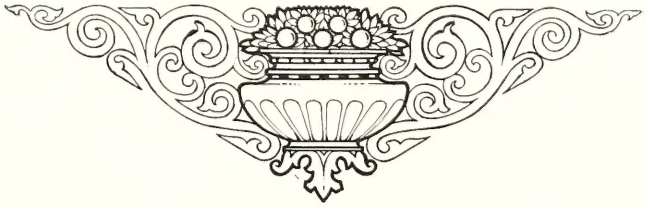
THE CHIAROSCURO

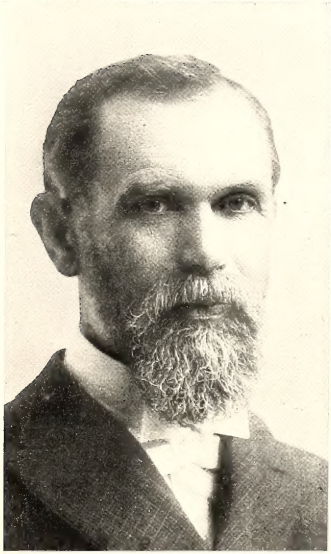
VOLUME I

Published by the SENIOR CLASS *of the*
ALABAMA GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

DEDICATION

¶ To Dr. Francis M. Peterson, our honored and beloved president, who by precept and example so wisely and nobly points us to duty, immortal love and God, we affectionately dedicate this little volume "Chiaroscuro."





THE PREFACE

SINCE this little volume is edited for the purpose of pleasing you, kind reader, view it not, we beg, with a critic's eye but pass its imperfections by. We are confident that you can not fail to comply with our request when you know that this is our first venture into print—the very earliest attempt of the students of the A. G. I. S. to give to their friends a chapter of the life at their dear old Alma Mater.

If we please all our readers, it is necessary for us to include in our book "something to amuse you, something to make you sad, something to make you sentimental, something to make you laugh, something to make you weep, and something to make you think."

Although we tried to keep up a buoyant faith in our undertaking, without the inspiration and aid of our friends among the faculty, officers and girls, it is possible that it might have failed. We are especially indebted to our acting President for his interest manifested in a most practical way. We also owe our English teacher "a personal debt for unfailing kindness and encouragement which can only be acknowledged, never repaid." Nor can we forget the help and sympathetic interest of the Faculty Committee on School Publications.

Editorial Staff of the "Chiaroscuro"

BRICE MILLER . . . . . *Editor-In-Chief*

BESSIE GORDON
NEALIE NETTLES } . . . . . *Associate Editors*

MARY McCORD . . . . . *Business Manager*

ALBERTA SCRUGGS . . . . . *Assistant Business Manager*

SARA DALE . . . . . *Advertising Manager*

NELL CLEVELAND . . . . . *Artist*

ALMA ROBINSON . . . . . *Club Editor*

ETTIE MAE HATCHER . . . . . *Class Editor*

CORA ALLISON . . . . . *Typewriter*

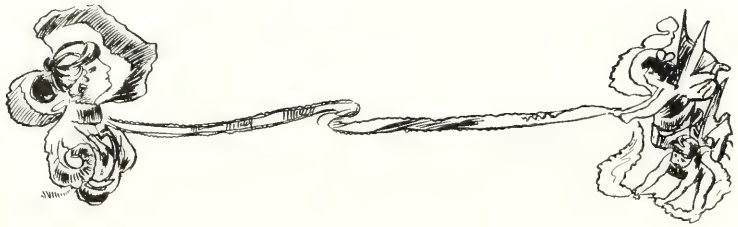


TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Title Page	1
Dedication	3
Preface	5
Editorial Staff	7
Trustees	11
Names of Faculty and Officers	15
Faculty and Officers by Contraries	19
Graduate Students	22
Senior Class Roll	24
History of Senior Class	25
A Tale of the Class	27
Junior Class Roll	31
Junior Poem	33
Sophomore Roll	35
Sophomore History	36
Freshman Roll	39
Preparatory Roll	41
Explanatory Statement	42
Song o' the Subs	43
Senior Prophecy	45
Senior Preferences	49
A Chapel Exercise	51
Outline of "Julius Cæsar"	54
How to Stand in with the Faculty	60
Description of Murillo's "Mother and Child"	61
How Shakespeare Has Revealed Character in "Macbeth"	65
The Love of Lady Macbeth for Macbeth Contrasted with that of Nancy Lammeter for Godfrey Cass	68
Character Sketch of Silas Marner	69

PAGE

Silas Marner's Cottage on the Night of Dunstan Cass's Visit 71
Quotations 72
John's Favorite Story 73
Wanted, Not Wanted 75
"Inasmuch as Ye Have Done It unto One of the Least of These Little Ones" 76
What Did Christmas Bring? 78
Grinds 80
Y. W. C. A. Cabinet 85
Alpha Club 87
Castalian Literary Society 89
Julia Strudwick Tutwiler Club 91
Emma Hart Willard Club 93

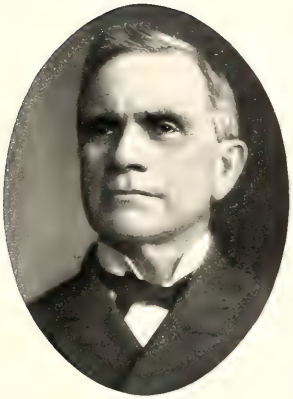
PAGE

Schumann Society 95
St. Cecilia Club 97
Art Club 98
"Kandy Kooking Klub" 99
School Girl Maxims 100
B. B. B. T. 103
C. A. T. 105
J. A. C. 107
Tennis Club 109
Professionals 110
The Will 111
The Senior Farewell 113
Ads 115

Board of Trustees

His Excellency, BRAXTON BRAGG COMER	PRESIDENT	*Ex Officio*
HARRY C. GUNNELLS	SUPERINTENDENT OF EDUCATION	*Ex Officio*
HON. S. H. D. MALLORY	STATE AT LARGE	SELMA
HON. VIRGIL BOULDIN	STATE AT LARGE	SCOTTSBORO
JUDGE H. AUSTILL	FIRST DISTRICT	MOBILE
HON. SOL. D. BLOCH	SECOND DISTRICT	CAMDEN
JUDGE A. H. ALSTON	THIRD DISTRICT	CLAYTON
REV. J. T. MANGUM	FOURTH DISTRICT	TALLASSEE
M. A. GRAHAM	FIFTH DISTRICT	PRATTVILLE
W. E. W. YERBY	SIXTH DISTRICT	GREENSBORO
W. W. HARALSON	SEVENTH DISTRICT	FORT PAYNE
J. C. KUMPE	EIGHTH DISTRICT	MOULTON
COL. SAMUEL WILL JOHN	NINTH DISTRICT	BIRMINGHAM

Trustees



BRAXTON BRAGG COMER, son of John Fletcher and Catherine Drewery Comer, born Nov. 7, 1848, in Barbour, County. Received early education in the best common schools in Barbour County. Was a student at the University when it was captured and burned by the Federal soldiers. Studied one year in University of Georgia. Graduated with honors from Emory and Henry College, Virginia, in 1872. Married Miss Eva Harris of Georgia. Has had the offices of President of First National Bank, Birmingham, of Avondale Cotton Mills, Alabama Railroad Commission. Was inaugurated Governor of State of Alabama 1907. Governor Comer has proved himself the friend of education. He is known throughout the country as the "School Governor." On March the fourth he signed House Bill 467, the A. G. I. S. Appropriation Bill.

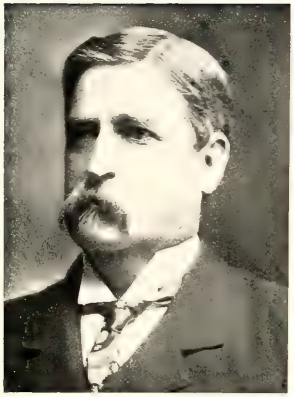
HARRY C. GUNNELS, son of Daniel R. and Susan Cunningham Gunnels, born at Oxford, Alabama, October, 1868. Received early education at Oxford Alabama; college education at Oxford College and Vanderbilt University, and professional education at the University of Alabama. Held position as Co-principal of Ashland High School, Professor of Science at Oxford College, principal of Boys' High School at Anniston, Alabama, Superintendent of Anniston Public Schools, civil officer, member of the House of Representatives in 1900 and 1901 from Calhoun County, chief clerk of Department of Education in 1898-1902, and again in 1903-1907. Married Sadie Goss from Commerce, Georgia.

Trustees

SAMUEL WILL JOHN, son of Joseph Reed and Rosa Jane Smith John, born 1845 at Uniontown, Alabama. Attended school at the University of Alabama. Read law under his father. Practiced law in Dallas County. Represented Dallas County twice, and Jefferson County twice in the Legislature. Held office of Colonel in War between the States. Author of many laws, the most important of which are: First Child Labor Law in Alabama; Establishment of Experiment Station at Auburn; Act to establish a Juvenile Court; Bills to Increase the Appropriation for the Alabama Girls' Industrial School. Is Trustee of Alabama Insane Hospital, of Department of Archives and History, and of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School since June, 1899. Married Susan E. Woolsey in 1870; Estelle Thornton Carson, 1874; Rosa M. Clisby, 1887.

MALCOLM A. GRAHAM, son of Malcolm Daniel and Amelia Ready Graham. Born 1859, at Henderson, Texas. Educated at private schools in Montgomery, and at the University. Prominent cotton manufacturer and banker at Prattville. Was a councilman of his town for fourteen years, and a member of the Board of Revenue of Autauga County. Married Ellen Leonora McWilliams in 1882. Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School.

Trustees



AUGUSTUS H. ALSTON

AUGUSTUS H. ALSTON, born in Georgia, moved to Alabama after the war between the States. Enlisted in 9th Tennessee Cavalry under John H. Morgan. Was for two months a prisoner of war at Rock Island, Ill. After the War between the States was admitted to the bar. Was probate judge of Barbour County for two terms. Was once a member of County and State Democratic Executive Committee. Married Anna M. Ott. Is the first Supernumerary Judge of the State of Alabama. Was appointed trustee of the Alabama Girls' Industrial School by Governor Oates.

WILLIAM E. W. YERBY

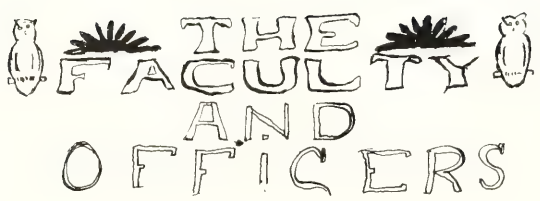
SOLOMON D. BLOCH, son of Daniel W. and Jannetta Kahn Bloch. Born at Camden, Alabama, January 16, 1855. Educated at common schools. Studied law under Col. R. H. Dawson, of Camden, but did not make law his profession. Twice mayor and once alderman of his native town. Has held many high positions in the Masonic lodge and is a member of the order of Knights of Pythias. Was once a member of both County and State Democratic Executive Committees. While member of Alabama Senate of 1892, he prepared and introduced the bill to establish the Alabama Girls' Industrial School. Has held the office of Trustee of this school since its establishment.

SOLOMON D. BLOCH

WILLIAM E. W. YERBY, born and reared at Greensboro, Alabama. Educated in public school and at the Southern University at Greensboro. Editor and proprietor of The Greensboro Watchman. Is licensed attorney, member of Masonic order and of the Knights of Pythias. Has been Councilman, Mayor and City Attorney of his native town. Is Chairman of both County Democratic Committee and Senatorial Executive Committee. Was President of Alabama Press Association 1901-03. Was appointed Trustee of Alabama Girls' Industrial School in 1907.

We are very sorry, indeed, that it is impossible for us to present the picture and the history of every member of the Board of Trustees.

ALABAMA GIRLS INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL
MISS McCARY
MISS TICE
MISS DUFFORD
MISS McALPINE
MR WILKINSON
MISS BERRY
MISS WILSON
MISS HALEY
MRS. HUDSON
MISS FITTS
MISS SANDERS
MISS CARR
MISS GROTE
MISS HAYES
MR. M. BARR PRINCIPAL
Dr. F. M. PETERSON PRESIDENT
MR MOORE
MISS PINKSTON
MISS WINSTON
MISS HENDERSON
MISS McMATH
MISS BUSH
MISS LAWHORNE
MISS STALLWORTH
MISS FRANKLIN
MISS KENNEDY
MISS ALLEN
MISS McMAHAN
MISS HARDING
MISS YOUNG
MISS CHISOLM
MISS CONNELLY
MISS MOORE
FACULTY



Faculty

REV. FRANCIS M. PETERSON, D. D., L. L. D. . . . . *President*

MR. JAMES ALEXANDER MOORE, M. S. . . . . *President pro tempore*

MRS. MARY MORRISON BABB . . . . . *Lady Principal*

PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION—MISS ELIZABETH MAUDE HALEY, B. S.

ENGLISH—MISS SOPHIA FITTS
MISS MARY YOUNG, A. B.

MATHEMATICS—MISS MARY GOODE STALLWORTH
MISS RUBY LAWHON, M. S.

HISTORY—MISS ANNE KENNEDY

NATURAL SCIENCE—MRS. MARY MORRISON BABB

BOTANY—MISS MINNA GROTE

PHYSIOLOGY—MISS LYDIA OVERALL

LATIN—MISS SALLIE HARDAWAY

PHYSICAL EDUCATION—MISS LYDIA OVERALL

MUSIC—MISS EDNA BUSH, DIRECTOR

Piano—MISS ELEANOR CARR
MISS MARGARET E. BOARDMAN
MISS BESSIE McCARY
MISS MAUDE ALLEN
MISS ANNE G. MOORE
MISS PEARLEE WILSON

Stringed Instruments—MISS ELEANOR CARR

Art—MISS M. S. PINKSTON

Reading and Oratory—MISS MAUDE HAYES

Telegraphy—MRS. FLORENCE Y. HUDSON

Bookkeeping—MR. JAMES ALEXANDER MOORE

Stenography and Typewriting—MISS ETHEL McMATH

Dressmaking—MISS ELIZABETH BURKE
MISS LEO SANDERS
MRS. MAGGIE CHILSON

Millinery—MISS SARAH CONNOLLY
MISS ADRA LALLIE TICE

Domestic Science—MISS VETA FRANKLIN

Preparatory Department—MISS LILA McMAHON, A. M.
MISS MINNA GROTE

Officers

Physician D. L. WILKINSON, M. D.

Trained Nurse—MISS MARY D. HENDERSON

Secretary—MISS QUINNTILLA HENRY

Stenographer—MISS ELIZABETH HOUSTON WINSTON

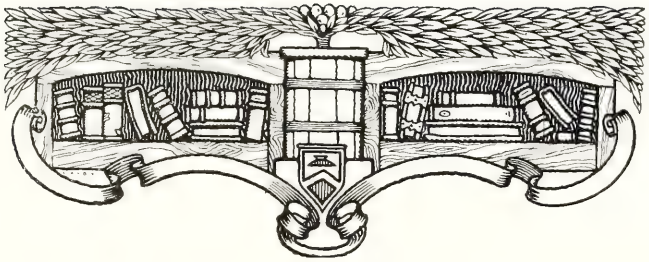
Librarian—MISS ANNE KENNEDY

Assistant Librarian—MISS PEARL JOHNSON

Matron—MISS LAURA McALPINE

Steward—MRS. S. C. HARRIS

Electrician—MR. W. M. JONES-WILLIAMS



Faculty and Officers by Contraries.

PRESIDENT PRO TEM.—MRS. FLORENCE V. HUDSON

LADY PRINCIPAL—MISS ANNE G. MOORE

PHYSCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION—MISS LYDIA OVERALL

ENGLISH—MISS MAUDE ALLEN
MISS LEO SANDERS

MATHEMATICS—MISS LAURA McALPINE
MISS VETA FRANKLIN

HISTORY—MISS SARAH CONNOLLY

NATURAL SCIENCE—MISS ANNE G. MOORE

Botany—MISS BESSIE McCARY

Physiology—MISS MARY GOODE STALLWORTH

Latin—MRS. S. C. HARRIS

Physical Training—MISS MARY GOODE STALLWORTH

Preparatory Department—MISS EDNA BUSH
MISS MARGARET E. BOARDMAN

Music—DR. DAVID LEONIDAS WILKINSON, Director
MISS ELIZABETH BURKE, Stringed Instruments
MRS. MARY MORRISON BABB, Voice
MISS ETHEL McMATH, Piano
MISS ELIZABETH BURKE, Piano
MISS MINNA GROTE, Piano
MISS RUBY LAWHAN, Piano

Art—MISS QUINTELLA HENRY

Reading and Oratory—MISS M. S. PINKSTON

Telegraphy—MISS LILA McMAHON

Bookkeeping—MISS PEARLEE WILSON

Scientific Cooking—MISS SOPHIA FITTS

Stenography and Typewriting—MRS. MAGGIE CHILSON

Physician—MISS ELEANOR CARR

Trained Nurse—MISS ANNIE KENNEDY

Secretary—MISS PEARLEE WILSON

Stenographer—MISS MARY D. HENDERSON

Librarian—MISS LYDIA OVERALL

Matron—MISS MAUDE HAYES

Steward—MISS SALLIE HARDAWAY

Electrician—MISS ADRA LALLIE TICE

POST
GRADUATES
MARY PETERS
LUCIE LENOIR
PEARL JOHNSON
19
07

Graduate Students

Colors . . . . . GOLD AND WHITE
Flower . . . . . FREESIA
Motto . . . . . "CAPE DIEM"

PEARL JOHNSON . . . . . PRESIDENT
LUCIE LENOIR . . . . . SECY. AND TREAS.
MARY PETERS . . . . . POET AND HISTORIAN

Lucie Elizabeth Lenoir

"And truly, is there such a spell
As those three letters. "L. E. L.,"
To 'witch a world with song?"

Mary Peters

"To see her is to love her,
And love but her forever;
For nature made her what she is,
And ne'er made sic anither!"

Pearl Johnson

"Our fairest Pearl, dids't thou ne'er dream
How near thy name and thou are one,
Of all the fancies bright that seem
Round it and thee to softly beam,
And through its meaning run?"

Senior Class

Motto . . . . . "EXCELSIOR"

Flower . . . . . SWEET PEA

Colors . . . . . CRIMSON AND BLACK

Officers

BRICE MILLER . . . . . PRESIDENT

ALBERTA SCRUGGS . . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT

NEALIE NETTLES . . . . . SECY. AND TREAS.

BESSIE GORDON . . . . . HISTORIAN

NELL CLEVELAND . . . . . POET

MARY McCORD . . . . . PROPHET

SARA DALE . . . . . MUSICIAN

ALMA ROBINSON . . . . . HERALD

Class Roll

ALLISON, CORA

CLEVELAND, NELL

DALE, SARA

GORDON, BESSIE

HATCHER, ETTIE MAE

McCORD, MARY

MILLER, BRICE

NETTLES, NEALIE

ROBINSON, ALMA

SCRUGGS, ALBERTA

Nell Wood Cleveland

"Through light and shadow thou dost range,
Sudden glances, sweet and strange,
Delicious spites and darling anger,
And any forms of flitting change."

Active member of the Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer of the Castalian Literary Society; President of the Castalian Literary Society for two years; Secretary of the Schumann Society; President of the Schumann Society; Poet of the Senior Class; Designer for the "Chiaroscuro."

Centreville, Alabama, was a place of rejoicing when Miss Cleveland, with her poetic nature, first entered the home of her parents. She learned her "A B C's" in the public school of her native city; here all of her preparatory school days were spent. In September of 1903, she came to Montevallo, and entered the Sophomore Class. She is the great mathematician of the Class, and we would hope for her some success in the scientific world, if it were not for a very serious "heart trouble" with which she is affected.

Cora Allison

"There is none like her, none"

Member of the Julia Strudwick Tutwiler Club; Treasurer of the Cap-a-pie Stenography Club Typewriter for the "Chiaroscuro."

The March winds brought Miss Allison to Piedmont, Alabama, where she has lived ever since. The first four years of her school life were spent under the tutelage of her mother. She then attended the Cumberland Presbyterian Seminary of Piedmont; her life in this school ended when she came to Montevallo, where she remained only one session. She was out of school for a year and a half, and in January of the second year at home, she became a pupil of the Frances E. Willard Public School. After two years she received a certificate from this school. In 1904, she returned to the A. G. I. S., and entered the Sophomore Class. Her willing hands are always extended to give help to a fellow student.

Sara Barnette Dale

"Beauteous rosebud, young and gay,
Blooming in thy early May,
Never mays't thou, lovely flower,
Chilly shrink, in sleety show'r."

Member of the Y. W. C. A.; Critic of the St. Cecilia Club; Vice-President of the St. Cecilia Club; Secretary of the Tutwiler Club; Musician of both the Junior and Senior Classes; Advertising Manager of the "Chiaroscuro."

One eventful May morning Oak Hill, Alabama, welcomed another bright flower, little Sara Dale. The honor of first awakening this mind to intellectual life is claimed by the Oak Hill High School. Her name remained on this school roll until '05, when she came to Montevallo equipped to enter the Junior Class. Her life at the A. G. I. S. has been marked by earnest work in all departments of school duties. The class of '07 is blessed in having such a talented musician. Her few leisure moments are rendered more pleasant by the perfume of carnations which are the result of Cupid's magical work. Miss Dale is a young woman of fine character and of marked devotion to duty.

Bessie May Gordon

"That it should come to this!"

Member of the Y. W. C. A.; member of the Tutwiler Club; Historian of the Cap-a-pie Stenography Club; Historian of the Schumann Society; Historian of the Senior Class; Associate Editor of the "Chiaroscuro."

Bessie Gordon was born in Eutaw, Alabama, in the month of November. All of her preparatory school days were spent in the Eutaw High School. After she received a certificate from this institution, she came to Montevallo, fitted to enter the Junior Class.

Ettie Mae Hatcher

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour."

Member of the Y. W. C. A.; Member of the Tutwiler Club; Treasurer of the Alpha Club; Class Manager for the "Chiaroscuro."

Miss Hatcher entered this mundane sphere amid the gentle breezes of April. She first beheld this beautiful world in Hartford, Alabama. Her early knowledge was gained in the public schools of Geneva County. She afterwards attended the Newton High School. Her school days in Montevallo began when she entered the Freshman Class. Miss Hatcher is interested in all forms of religion, and we predict for her a large circle of friends and a wide influence wherever her lot may be cast.

Mary Lewis McCord

"I never saw a fairer
I never lo'ed a dearer."

Member of the Y. W. C. A.; Vice-President of the Tutwiler Club; in both her Junior and Senior years, Prophet of her class; Business Manager of the "Chiaroscuro."

An addition to the pleasures of the celebrations of the May festivities was the appearance of Miss McCord. Her gray matter was first cultivated at the Goodwater High School of her native village, Goodwater, Alabama. In 1905 she entered the Sophomore Class, and ever since that time she has been a regular attendant of the A. G. I. S. When she came to Montevallo, she had acquired the art of making "A" in English, and she has never departed from her early training. She will receive her certificate in Scientific Cooking this year. We wonder why this particular branch of work is especially interesting to her. Quiet and retired in disposition, gentle and courteous in manner, conscientious in work, she is one of the most lovable of our class.

Annie Brice Miller

"And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art."

Active member of the Y. W. C. A.; Secretary of the St. Cecilia Club; Historian of the Tutwi'er Club; President of the Junior Class; President of the Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief of the "Chiaroscuro."

To Camden, Alabama, the class of '07 is indebted for Miss Miller, its loyal President. With the primrose she came to brighten the home of her parents, and we are certain that she has never forgotten that her life is to harmon ze with this flower. Her first school days were spent in the public school of her native village. Here she remained until she entered the ninth grade of the Chester (S. C.) Graded School. The next year she returned to Camden, where she remained out of school a session. In 1904, she made a wise decision and marticulated in the A. G. I. S. When she came, she shared the "abundant wisdom" of the Sophomore Class Seeing three long years before her final destination, she diligently began her journey, and now in the third year of earnest work, she distinctly sees that which will tell her that her school days at Montevallo are ended. She was a representative to the Students' Volunteer Movement at Nashville in '06. The quietude of her school life here is disturbed by the chemistry experiments which are peculiarly exciting to her. With her shy and winsome manner she has won her way to the affections of every classmate, and we are certain that she will have many friends after leaving these walls.

Nealie Hastletine Nettles

"Sweet lips whereon perpetuality did reign
The summer calm of charity."

Corresponding Secretary of the Y. W. C. A.; active member of the Tutwiler Club; Vice-President of the Alpha Club; Secretary and Treasurer of the Junior Class, and of the Senior Class; Associate Editor of the "Chiaroscuro."

When the gentle breezes of a warm June day were blowing Miss Nettles came to Beuna Vista, Alabama. To the public school of Beuna Vista must be given the honor of storing the first knowledge in her cranium. When she left this school, she spent one session in a school of Natchez, Alabama; then she entered the Sophomore Class of the A. G. I. S. After spending one year and a half here, she showed her ability by teaching a session near her home. She returned to school and entered the Junior Class of '06. She was a representative to the Students' Volunteer Movement at Nashville in '06, and to the Gulf States' Convention at Montgomery in '07 As the branches of the wild rose spread in every direction, so her knowledge touches many subjects, but it centres in Edu ation. She will receive her full Diploma this year. Her career in school has been marked by native ability and studious habits; and we not only hope, but we expect, a large measure of success to be hers after she leaves school.

Alma Bertie Robinson

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

Member of the Y. W. C. A.; Member of the Castalian Literary Society; Herald of the Senior Class; Club Manager of the "Chiaroscuro."

Miss Robinson entered this "vale of tears" among the chrysanthemums of Alexander City, Alabama. The child's early instinct to talk soon died, and since that time her proficiency in English has been of a silent order. She first attended the Alexander City Graded High School, where she remained until she finished the eight grade. Then she went one year to a private school of Alexander City, and then completed the work of the tenth grade in the Alexander City Graded High School. The next year she joined the Sophomores of the A. G. I. S., and ever since then she has been seen within its walls. She was a representative to the Gulf States' Convention at Montgomery in '07. Although not gifted with the fluency of an orator, she possesses a sweet disposition and the art of making friends.

Alberta Eliza Scruggs

"A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou cans't find."

Active member of the Y. W. C. A.; Critic of the St. Cecilia Club; President of the St. Cecilia Club; Treasurer of the Castalian Literary Society; Vice-President of the Senior Class; Assistant Business Manager of the "Chiaroscuro."

Amid the swaying golden rod in the quiet village of West Bend, Alabama, Miss Scruggs commenced her earthly sojourn. Her early education was obtained at a private school of Atlanta, Georgia, where she remained one session. She returned to West Bend, and attended the public school of that place until she came to Montevallo in 1902. She entered the Freshman Class, and has been connected with the A. G. I. S. ever since then. Being in frail health in '04, she wisely decided to spend three years in the Junior and Senior Classes. She was a representative to the Gulf States' Convention at Montgomery in '07. Her lovable disposition, expressed so plainly in her sweet face, has won so many friends that we are not able to find one enemy for her in all the student body.

A Tale of the Class

Ten little Seniors, all in a line,
One got married, then there were nine;
Nine little Seniors in the same state,
One moved out West, then there were eight;
Eight little Seniors loving Jevon(s)
One got to hating him, then there were seven;
Seven little Seniors, all were called bricks,
One joined a mason, leaving but six;
Six little Seniors truly alive,
One sailed away, then there were five;
Five little Seniors, sound at the core,
One got hearts-ease, then there were four;
Four little Seniors gay and heart free,
One was caught, then there were three;
Three little Seniors made up the crew,
One jumped overboard, then there were two;
Two little Seniors of the line the end,
The standard of the class truly defend.

JUNIOR
CLASS
19
07
A. G.
I. S.

Junior Class

Flower WHITE PINK.

Watchword—"AMO."

Colors—WHITE AND GREEN

FLORENCE PATTERSON,
PRESIDENT

EUNORA FARRIS,
VICE-PRES.

LILIAN MCVAY,
SECRETARY-TREASURER

MATTIE ESTELLE GARNER,
CRITIC

LULA EDENS,
HISTORIAN

WILLIE JENKINS,
POET

MINNIE BEECH,
PROPHET

BENTLEY, MATTIE
BULLOCK, ELIZABETH
DAWSON, GEORGIA
DEER, ELLA
DUNLAP, DAISY
FARRIS, EUNORA
GARRETT, BEULAH
GARNER, MATTIE ESTELLE
HAGGARD, JANIE
JONES, VESTA
MASSEY, ELLA
MCREE, IDA
PATTON, EOLA
POSEY, LOCKIE
REYNOLDS, LUCIE
ROSSON, FANNIE
SEIBOLD, LYDA
SHIPP, DELLA
VAUGHN, ELIZABETH
WALDROP, GENIE
WILSON, MABEL

Junior Class Poem

The White Pink

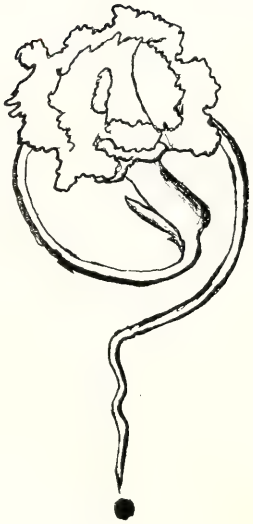
Of all the flowers that ever bloomed,
Which one is fairest? Think!
As Juniors of A. G. I. S.
We say the sweet white pink.

Its petals small, a myriad throng,
To count's a task complete.
A task well done which leaves behind
A memory fresh and sweet.

White is the type of purity,
Pure women may we be,
Who will not fail to fight for good
On life's broad boundless sea.

The green of stems and dainty leaves
A sign of strength alway.
Pure thoughts bring light to darkened earth,
But strength must make it stay.

And so this little flower we choose;
An emblem pure and strong,
To cheer us on to do our best,
And keep the world from wrong.



A.G.I.E.
SOPHOMORE
CLASS
1907
Mamie Mebane
Bertha Mason
Mabel Gray
Ethel House
Margaret Moore
Mina Williams
Kathleen Jones
Annie Crawford
Elsie Purifoy
Olivia Griffin
Rena Lee
Helen Carnation
Helen Windham
Kate Bullock
Thomasine Palmer
Lois Lawrence
Ewell Hudgens
Kathleen Thomas
Anna May Tarlton
Lillian Barnes

Sophomore Class

Flower . . . . . MARECHAI NIEL ROSE
Colors . . . . . GREEN AND GOLD
Motto . . . . . "TO THE HIGHER THROUGH THE HARD"

Officers

ELLEN DAVIS . . . . . PRESIDENT
EMMA LONG . . . . . VICE-PRESIDET
NANNIE DAVIS . . . . . SECRETARY
KATHLEEN JONES . . . . . HISTORIAN
MYRA WILLIAMS . . . . . PROPHET
MAGGIE SANFORD . . . . . POET
HYACINTH HAYNIE . . . . . CRITIC

Class Roll

AGEE, PRUDIE
BULLOCK, CATE
BASS, CECIL
BARGE, EDNA
BAGLEY, OTHELLA
BOWEN, U. B.
BAKER, LILLIAN
BROWN, JULIETTE
CORLEY, BERTHA
CHAPMAN, META
CARNATHAN, HELEN
CRAWFORD, ANNIE
DAVIS, ELLEN
DAVIS, NANNIE
GRAY, MABLE
GARDNER, ELLA MAY
GRIFFIN, OLIVIA
GLENN, RUBYE
GAY, EUNICE
HALL, CORRIE
HEAD, JESSIE
HUDGENS, JEWELL
HOUSER, ETHEL
HAYNIE, HYCIE
JONES, MABEL LOUISE
JONES, KATHLEEN
KILLINGWORTH, MAUD
LEA, RENA
LAWRENCE, JATIE
LINDSEY, ALICE
LONG, EMMA
MACOM, BERTHA
MERONEY, MAMIE
MIMMS, CLARA
MCCLURKIN, LILLIE
PALMER, THOMASTINE
PURIFOY, CLYDE
PIERCE, MINNIE
ROQUEMORE, MAY
ROBINSON, SUSIE
SANDERS, CLAUDE
SMITH, IONE
SELLERS, SALLIE
SELLERS, MAY
SMITH, WINNIE D.
SANFORD, MAGGIE
TIDMORE, KATHLEEN
TRAYLOR, ANNA MAY
WINDHAM, HELEN
WALKER, ELLA
WILLIAMS, MYRA
WHISENHUNT, CARRIE
WISE, FAY
WOOD, MAY
YORK, CONA

The class of 1909 was organized in November, 1905, as a body of about ninety Freshmen. The officers chosen were, Ellen Davis, President; Bessie Shirley, Vice President, and Elizabeth Pratt, Secretary and Treasurer. We chose as our colors yellow and green, and as our Flower, the Marechal Niel Rose. Our motto is: "To the higher, through the hard."

As we were inexperienced in this work, we did nothing worthy of note during the first two terms.

The entertainment given us by the Young Women's Christian Association, however, will always be remembered, for it brought us more closely in touch with one another.

A great deal of interest was taken in the Class Day exercises of May 13, 1906. In the Assembly Hall we formed in line, and with our Standard Bearer leading, we marched to the Chapel singing our class song as we went. After reaching the Chapel all the classes stood until the Seniors had taken their places on the rostrum. The President of our class replied to the speech made by the President of the Senior Class. Then we sang our stanza in the general class song, after which all the other classes sang in turn.

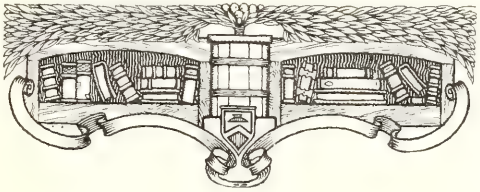
When the session was over we returned to our various homes happy; yet with all this happiness there was mingled a feeling of sadness.

After a vacation of three and one half months, we came back to school not as Freshmen, but as ambitious Sophomores.

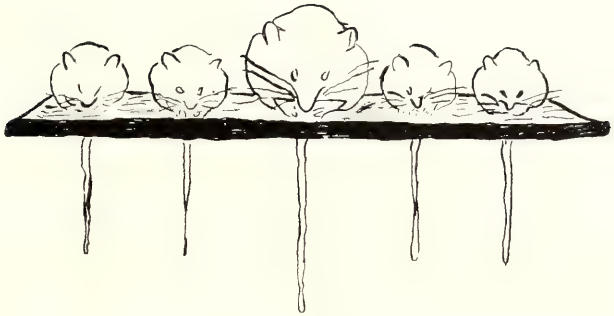
'Tis true that some of our class were missing; nevertheless, their places were filled by a number of new students whose names were soon added to our list, and officers for 1906-'07 were elected. Ellen Davis was re-elected President; Emma Long was elected Vice-President; Nannie Davis Secretary and Treasurer; Myra Williams, Prophet; Hycie Haynie, Critic; Maggie Sanford, Poet; Ella Maye Gardner, Musician.

There are now about sixty regular members enrolled in the class.

This year we hope to work in such a way that next year we shall not merely be called Juniors, but that we shall be worthy of that name. And venturing still further into the shadowy future, we trust that when we shall have finished three years of A. G. I. S. work, we shall enter the fourth year with a determination to make the twelfth graduating class the largest and strongest in the record of the school.



3816.



Freshman Class

Colors . . . . . PURPLE AND WHITE *Flower* . . . . . VIOLET *Motto* . . . . . "NON NOBIS SOLUM"

Officers

DONNELL E. LINDSEY, PRESIDENT MAUD SKELTON, SECRETARY AND TREASURER
MARY HARRISON, VICE-PRESIDENT JOSEPHINE HURST, POET LILLIE ATKINSON, HISTORIAN
LAURA JOHNSON, CRITIC VIRGINIA HALL, MUSICIAN

Roll

ABNEY, NELL
ALLEN, LOUADA
ATKINSON, LILLIE
BUSH, ANNA
CROCKET, CLARA
COCCIOLA, BIANCA
COLLINS, DANA
COLLINS, NELLIE
CROSS, LORA
CRUMP, LINOLA
DARDEN, ANNA BELL
DAVIES, ASHLEY
DEER, FRANKIE
DOWLING, BERTIE MAE
ENIS, CLANCY
FAULK, LEOLA
GRADY, MARTHA
GRISWOLD, LOLA
HALL, VIRGINIA
HENRY, ADDIE
HARRISON, MARY
HAYNES, CHARLSIE
HURST, JOSEPHINE
HARMON, LILLIE
JOHNSON, LAURA
JONES, ALIEEN
LANDGRAFF, ETHEL
LANDGRAFF, ALMA
LINDSEY, RUTH
LINDSEY, DONNELL
LONG, JESSIE
LONG, MAUD
LYMAN, LAURA
LYON, MARGUERITE
MCNEAL, HUNTER
MORRISON, JOHNNIE
MORGAN, MARY
MORRISON, IRENE
MYERS, MABEL
NEILL, MATTIE
OATES, ELMA
PAGE, JESSIE
POOLE, ANNIE
PETERSON, MARY
PETERS, ELLA
RHODES, EFFIE
RUSH, ANNER
SANDERS, HELEN
SKELTON, MAUD
SIMS, LAURA
SMITH, ALMA
SMITH, LILLA
TAYLOR, MAMIE
TAPSCOTT, MARY
THOMAS, LOUISE
THOMPSON, EDNA
WALKER, NONIE

Preparatories

Barefield, Ethel
Bealle, Jennie
Berry, Emma
Boring, Maude
Cain, Annie
Chandler, Louise
Clayton, Mamie
Comer, Margie
Cross, Vivian
Davis, Lula
DeBardelaben, Pearl
Dixon, Nellie May
Dobbs, Edna
Dorroh, Lacy
Eddings, Geneva
Eddings, Lillie
Ezell, Mamie
Frazer, Annie Clay
Halfman, Hattie Lou
Hall, Eleanor
Hamilton, Emma
Henderson, Pearl
Hodges, Sallie
Holley, Addie
Holley, Ruby
Hooker, Nena
Hudson, Maud
Izlar, Glennie
Jones, Eva V.
Jones, Leola
Kelly, Gertrude
Kroell, Georgia
Lambert, Amelia
Land, Lula
Lamkin, Clara
Latham, Irene
Lindsay, Mary Belle
Livingston, Bessie
Lyle, Essie
McRae, Inez
Meroney, Mildred
Moorer, Zula
Morrison, Lola
Newton, Etta
Nix, Lola
Page, Etta
Pelham, Mary Clyde
Perkins, A. M. E.
Williams, Georgia
Williams, Gussie
Williams, Jean
Williams, Jennie
Wimberly, Ethel
Young, Ruby
Poole, Mittie
Preddy, Mary
Pluett, Mary
Reed, Gladys
Rikard, Maggie
Roberts, Venia Ola
Robinson, Willie
Seay, Annie
Sanders, Rhoda
Sanders, Canna
Scruggs, Jennie
Seale, Lavada
Sirmon, Sallie
Smith, Beedie
Thaxton, Lillie
Thomas, Flora
Tisdale, Autie
Tompkins, Lula
Treadwell, Pearl
Trucks, Clara
Walker, Lucy
Watson, Lula
Waters, Mabel Endora
Whitley, Lelia

For reasons "wise and otherwise," there are some students who are not represented in this volume. We hope that next year they may be enrolled in regular classes and thus receive all due honor.

Song o' the Subs

URSULA DELCHAMPS

In our Freshman year, we had no fear
But thought we knew it all;
Ere we were through, we quite well knew
That pride had had a fall.
We jumbled things, the queens and kings
And dates of History;
To stand the test or *sum, es est,*
Was then a victory.

Still we were not so sad, and never very bad,
Though exams. made us feel a little blue;
So all ye Freshmen dear, partake of better cheer,
For we were quite as verdant once as you.

We then began, as Sophs, to plan
What we were going to be.
Oh! No! *Absurd* was not the word,
So self-important we.
The Gallic War did much to mar
The confidence we felt;
Likewise the words: Cube-root and surds,
Infinitive and Celt.

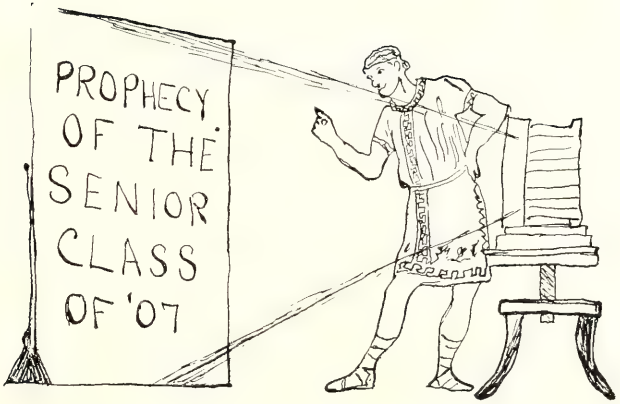
Oh! we were happy then, but did not think so, when
Examinations made us all lament;
So Sophomores take heart, and try to do your part,
For we were once in your predicament.

As Juniors next, we were quite vexed
At all we had to do.
We had to write, till late at night,
On themes and Ethics, too.
Hyperbole, Apostrophe,
Our weary brains did tax;
Geometry and History
Would ne'er let us relax.

But still we had our fun; for when their tasks are done,
All Juniors rest; indeed this is not strange—
In nineteen-six, 'twas true, in nineteen-seven, too,
This rule should stand without a single change.

Irregulars three, we've decided to be,
Whom a Graduate-student dubs
With a little vexation and irritation
And anger, perhaps, "The Subs."
So the name we retain, and "Subs" we remain,
Until this session is o'er;
With a tear and a sigh, we'll say "Good-bye,"
And our days as "Subs" are no more.

So with sines and interpolation, we work with but little cessation
With Indirect Discourse and Ablative Absolutes, too;
The treaties of Paris and Ryswick; Nitric Acid and Glacial Phosphoric;
And now, kind friends, we bid you a fond "Adieu."


PROPHECY
OF THE
SENIOR
CLASS
OF '07

Prophecy of the Class of '07

Following a voice which seemed to be calling me, I was led to the chapel of A. G. I. S. and to a seat in the senior row of desks. There was a mysterious looking man on the rostrum, who had set up an apparatus for a moving picture show. He was announcing that he would present a series of pictures of the class of '07, thirty years hence.

My gaze is riveted on the passing show. I see a club room in which there is an assembly of interested women. A familiar figure is in the president's chair. I know her—but who is she? Yes, it is Brice Miller, the president of the class of '07. I think I can tell the plans of those noble women, and I know that my classmate has determination sufficient to do her part, and human kindness enough to lend a helping hand to those in need of it. The club adjourns, and quickly I am introduced to Sara Dale. Yes, she has changed; but in her still handsome face, one can see that she is a woman of thought and much strength of character. She is an enthusiastic instructor of music in a well known college of the South. As the scene is shifted, I catch a fleeting glimpse of her as she writes to Brice, who is still her closest friend and dearest associate.

In a library whose shelves are crowded with dark, well-worn books, the most of which are histories, I see a pale, sweet faced little woman with stooped shoulders seated at the desk. After searching among the papers on a file, Bessie Gordon, with true historic zeal, consults Gibbon, and then begins writing the concluding chapter of her Roman history.

Now I am transported to a school in China. The room is filled with children who have their eager, yellow faces turned toward their teacher who is gladly, powerfully relating the parable of the ninety and nine sheep. That sympathetic teacher is Alma Robinson. Her once dark hair is now generously streaked with gray; but it is her face that holds one. It tells that she has caught and reflects the life of the One of whom she teaches.

The scene following brings me back to an American home. A little woman, with hair still dark and eyes yet bright, takes her seat in an easy chair by the fire. By the dim light, I recognize Nell Cleve-

land, whose expression has only deepened with time. A tall man with a kind, thoughtful face takes a volume from the book-case. Nell is not so much hampered by household cares that she can not devote a great deal of her time to poetry; and that brown book is filled with her lyrics.

Yes, I think this is a kindergarten; for it is a school room in which there are many small children engaged in drawing a box. The teacher, a rather stout middle-aged woman with a happy, vivid face, is Nealie Nettles. The scene changes, and I see her with bundles and suit-case calling good-byes to a group of saddened school children, as she boards a San Francisco train. She is about to realize the dream of her youth—to go on a trip around the world to see the places about which she has read.

My attention is now held by the sight of a lawyer's office. A hurrying woman—Cora Allison—goes to the typewriter. Time has changed her but little; and she seems to have a very systematic, business-like turn of mind; and it is rumored that she knows a great deal about law and that her opinions are valued.

A middle-aged man is in his study faithfully working over his sermon. The door opens and a "tiny scrap" of a woman looks in. The minister bids her come, and she seats herself by him. Ettie May Hatcher's thin gray hair is smoothly combed back from her gentle face, which appears to be a little careworn. The man leaves off his work, and she opens a letter—yes, it is a long letter from Howard College; she seems to be almost as much interested in that school as in former days.

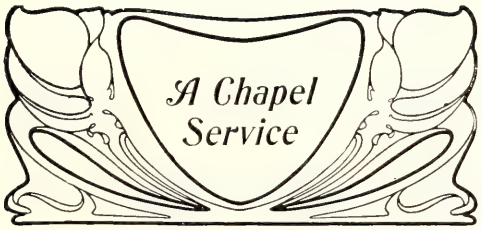
"Should old acquaintances be forgot?"

Pasteboard pyramids, dodecahedrons, icosahedrons, and other polyhedrons loom up before me, and a great amount of blackboard space is visible; these tell that this room is headquarters for mathematics. A tall woman, who is no longer young, is seated at her desk. She has a rare charm that gives one the impression that she is a teacher of much feeling as well as a woman with broad conceptions. She sends the whole class to the board, and one student has much difficulty with her problem in trigonomery. Miss Scruggs, for she is the instructor and the head of the department of mathematics, makes a suggestion which works, like magic, for the problem is soon solved.

Alberta is gone, and I am breathless with interest to get the picture of the only remaining member of the class. "Machine out of fix, Madam," comes a voice from a person whose existence I had forgotten, and Mary McCord thirty years hence is not revealed.

Senior Preferences

NAME	TIME OF DAY	HERO	WORK	COLOR	AUTHOR	QUOTATION	GEM	FLOWER	RECREATION
CORA ALLISON	After 9:30 Whistle	Alexander the Great	Adding	Amber	Addison	"Diligence makes more lasting acquisition than wisdom."	Amethyst	Aster	Airing
NELL CLEVELAND	Calling hour	Cleveland	Cooking	Cream	Coleridge	"My eyes make pictures when they are shut."	Cameo	Candy-Tuft	Climbing
SARA DALE	Dawn	Don Quixote	Dusting	Drab	Dickens	"When found make a note of."	Diamond	Daisy	Dancing
BESSIE GORDON	Gloaming	Gideon	Gardening	Green	Gibbon	"He thought himself able to support his lofty pretensions by arms of reason as well as by those of power."	Garnet	Geranium	Golfing
ETTIE MAY HATCHER	High-noon	Hobson	Housekeeping	Heliotrope	Holmes	"Logic is logic, that's all I say."	Hydrated Silicon	Hollyhock	Humming
MARY McCORD	Midnight	Melchizedek	Ministering	Maroon	Macauley	"Why dost thou stay and turn away! Here lies the way to Rome."	Moonstone	Magnolia	Maying
BRICE MILLER	Midday	Methuselah	Memorizing	Mauve	Milton	"So buxom, blithe and debonair."	Mexican Opal	Marigold	Matinee
NEALIE NETTLES	Noon	Napoleon	Needlework	Nile Green	Newton	"To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction."	Nearestone	Nasturtium	Napping
ALMA ROBINSON	Recess	Roosevelt	Reading	Red	Ruskin	"All my work is to help those who have eyes and see not."	Ruby	Rose	Rowing
ALBERTA SCRUGGS	Sunset	Sidney	Sweeping	Scarlet	Shakespeare	"But screw your courage to the sticking place and we'll not fail."	Sapphire	Sweet William	Sleeping



8:40 Alex tolls the big bell.

8:45 Miss Young, Miss Wilson, Miss Carr, and Miss Franklin hasten on the platform and begin their morning chat.

8:45 :3 Mrs. Babb taps her bell and girls scurry into place.

8:46 Miss Bush tips in, settles herself at the grand piano, and begins a search in the Gospel Hymnal for No. 118.

8:46 :30 Mr. Moore walks in, hangs his derby on the big dictionary and seats himself behind the post.

8:47 Miss Lawhon tips in, jingling the bracelets on her arm.

8:48 Miss Hardaway frisks in three feet ahead of Miss Grote.

8:49 Miss Fitts comes and trips it as she goes on her light fantastic toe

8:50 Miss Kennedy rushes in breathlessly arranging her hair as she walks.

8:51 Miss Stallworth's class straggles in.

8:52 "Hezekiah" trots across the stage; the Preps giggle.

8:55 :30 Miss McMath squeezes in on back row, displacing Miss Tice and Miss Sanders.

8:53 :30 Miss Overall bounces in.

8:54 Miss Hayes establishes herself on the front seat, toes turned in.

8:54 :30 Miss Haley tips in and sits by Mrs. Hudson, admiring her flowers.

8:55 Twenty-five faculty members are situated on stage with devout attention to the reading of the Scriptures.

8:55:30 Mr. Moore rises and we catch on the zephyr a faint whisper.

8:56 All still.

8:57 The chords; the girls rise to their feet.

9:00 Miss Moore's "Amen" lingers to remind us of the hymn we have been singing.

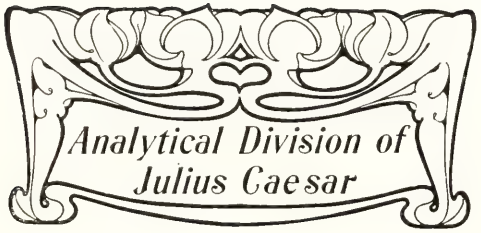
9:01 Announcements by the President.

9:01 :30 The agony's over; girls get a farewell glance at their lessons.

9:05 Lucie makes a dash for the piano. Teachers rush to their various rooms.

9:06 Chapel's empty!

DAMES OF THE 60's



Time—From feast of Lupercalia in February, 44 B. C., to the battle of Philippi, in the autumn of 42 B. C.

Places—Rome, Sardis, and Philippi.

Theme—

"But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves."
Act I Scene iii.

Spiritual Theme—

"Law is universal and inviolable."

Name—Julius Caesar is stabbed in Act III, but the play is well named, for Caesar's spirit dominates the play.

Exposition

The exposition is in the first act. It gives the personages and surroundings, also the impetus of the whole drama. It is illustrated to some extent by these quotations:

"But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Caesar, and rejoice in his triumph."—Act I Scene i.

Antony—

"I shall remember;
When Caesar says, 'Do this'; it is performed."

Cassius—

"Brutus, I do observe you how of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you."—Act I Scene i

Soothsayer—

"Beware the ides of March!"—Act I Scene i.

Brutus—

"Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently;
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death."
Act I Scene ii.

Cassius—

"And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him."
Act I Scene i.

Casca—

"Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted."—Act I Scene iii

Casca—

"Indeed, they say, the Senators tomorrow
Mean to establish Caesar as King;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy."
Act I Scene iii

Cinna—

"O, Cassius, if you could
But win noble Brutus to our party!"
Act I Scene iii.

Exciting Force

The clash of interest begins with the exciting force.

"Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so."
Act I Scene ii.

Cassius says these words to Brutus just after Brutus has said he fears the people will choose Caesar for their king.

"Heightening" of Action

The "heightening" leads up to the climax. We see the beginning of the conspiracy and the plans. We see how Brutus is lead into it by his very "honor," and how he becomes the life of it. We get an idea of the "heightening" by these quotations:

Cassius—

"O, you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king!" Act I Scene ii.

Brutus to Cassius—

"That you do love me, I am nothing jealous,
What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for the present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further mov'd." Act I Scene ii

Cassius—

"And why should Caesar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds."

Lucius searching the window for a light,

"I found
This paper thus sealed up, and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed."
Act II Scene i.

Brutus—

"'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I made thee promise
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus."
Act II Scene iii.

Brutus—

"'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks."
[Exit Lucius.

"Since Cassius first did whet me against Caesar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first notion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council, and the state of man,
Like a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection." Act II Scene i.

Brutus—

"Let 'em enter—
They are the faction, O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention." Act I Scene i.

Brutus—

"They are all welcome."

Now, that we are sure that Brutus is a conspirator, let us watch how the others are led by his decisions.

Cassius—

"I think it is not meet
Mark Anthony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar.
Let Anthony and Caesar fall together."

Act I Scene ii.

Brutus—

"And for Mark Anthony, think not of him,
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off." Act I Scene ii.

Cassius—

"But it is doubtful yet
Whether Caesar will come forth today or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
And the persuasions of his angerers
May hold him from the Capitol today."

Act II Scene i.

Cassius—

"The morning comes upon's, we'll leave you."

Brutus—

"And, friends, disperse yourselves, but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans."

Brutus—

"Let not our looks put on our purposes."

Act II, Scene i.

Brutus—

"Follow me, then."

In Scene ii Caesar sends a servant to bid the priests to sacrifice. The word is sent back for him not to stir forth; for they could find no heart in the beast. Calpurnia, his wife, had dreamed that she saw Caesar's statua,

Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it."

Act II Scene i.

She begged Caesar to stay at home. At last, he yielded to her plea, and said:

"Mark Anthony shall say
I am not well."

Decius Brutus, a conspirator, came for Caesar. He told Caesar that Calpurnia's dream should be interpreted in this way:

"It was a vision fair and fortunate,
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,

Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance."

Caesar then said he would go forth.

In Scene iv, Portia sends Lucius to the Capitol to bring word of Brutus. We think Brutus must have told his plans to his wife. A soothsayer, when asked by Portia if he had some suit to Caesar, answered:

"'That I have, lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar as to hear me
I shall beseech him to befriend himself."

In Act III are found the Climax and the Tragic Moment. The Climax is where the dramatic forces contending for the mastery are most evenly balanced. In Act III, Caesar enters the Capitol and all follow. Artemidorus presses forward with his letter, but Caesar refuses to read it. All the others crowd around and plea for pardon for Publius Cimber. Caesar says:

"I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me;
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose time-fixed and restive quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so."

Climax

Brutus pleads for Cimber. Casca stabs Caesar, then several others stab him. Lastly, Brutus' sword pierces Caesar. Caesar says: "Et tu, Brute? Then, fall, Caesar."

Tragic Moment

The Tragic moment is suggested by this passage:

"And for Mark Anthony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off." Act II Scene i.

The tragic moment is confirmed when Brutus allows Mark Anthony:

"In the pulpit as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral."
Act III Scene i.

The falling action begins when Mark Anthony sends his servant to ask the explanation of Caesar's death.

Brutus himself helps to forward the falling action by these words:

"Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Anthony;
Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Caesar's glories, which Mark Anthony
By our permission is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Anthony have spoke."

Act III Scene ii.

Moment of Final Suspense

The moment of final suspense is when the fortune presaged by the general nature of the falling action seems contradicted, or at least held in suspense by some unforeseen occurrence. After Brutus' speech, we feel that the conspirators have triumphed, but the falling action is precipitated by Anthony's speech.

The falling action continues. Anthony, Octavius, and Lepidus form the second Triumvirate. Brutus and Cassius quarrel. Brutus, through change of fortune, becomes a different man. Cassius agrees to go to Philippi, though he sees that it is not best. They advance to Philippi and engage in battle.

Catastrophe

The catastrophe is the final allotment of fortune. Cassius thinks the battle is going against the Conspirators, and asks Pindarus to pierce him with the sword that helped to kill Caesar. Cassius in dying says:

"Caesar, thou are revenged.
Even with the sword that killed thee."

Brutus says:

"The ghost of Caesar appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come." Act V Scene v.

He begs Strato to hold the sword for him. Brutus dying, says:

"Caesar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will."

How to Stand in With the Faculty.

President Moore—Be in your place the first day after the holidays.
Mrs. Babb—Smile and say, "Good morning, Mrs. Babb."
Miss Haley—Bring practical illustrations to class.
Miss Fitts—Put yourself in your written work.
Miss Kennedy—Study for culture and not for marks.
Miss Stallworth—Treat her to a bowl of buttermilk.
Miss Hardaway—Join her train of attendants.
Miss Grote—Don't lead her a chase.
Miss McMahan—Know your S. S. lesson.
Miss Hays—Keep your distance.
Miss Bush—B $\#$
Miss Pinkston—Don't be noisy.
Mrs. Hudson—Send her flowers.
Miss Connolly—Take her up on the elevator.
Miss Burke—French fell all seams.
Miss Overall—Don't talk.
Miss McMath—Frequently consult the dictionary.
Miss Moore—Make her laugh.
Miss Franklin—Talk to her about Montgomery.
Miss Carr—Stay out of her room.

Although Murillo's picture "Mother and Child" is meant for Christ and His mother, and as such we would expect a Jewish woman and boy of the year one, yet we can trace in it the influence of the time in which the artist lived, his nationality, and, as a matter of course, we have in the picture Murillo's peculiar method of painting.

The cry of the Andalusian people in the seventeenth century was for pictures of a religious nature, so Murillo painted mostly from subjects taken from the Bible, but he used his own people as types. The "Mother and Child" is among the number of his religious pictures, and in it, we have the general outline of an Audalusian mother holding her baby.

Murillo was a realist by nature, and as such, we would have had in his pictures everything given, even the minutest detail, and all this without much spirit. But his faith transformed him into an idealist and in his picture, painted after he had experienced a deep spiritual feeling, we notice in a greater degree the softness and sweetness of his touch along with some lack of force and strength. The love of detail made Murillo a master of technique, while his genuine religious feeling made his pictures expressive of high sentiment.

The effect on Murillo of this outside influence and inward transformation, we are made to see and feel in his picture, "Mother and Child."

There is nothing in the background of this picture that distracts our attention from the picture itself. All is a dead brown with no distinguishing object save the bench upon which the Virgin is seated.

A mantle falls loosely and carelessly around the skirts of the mother. Her bodice fits neatly about

the arm and shoulder. The gown is cut low, showing full shoulders and neck. A scarf hanging down in the back, covers the head except for a small space about the face. The Mother holds in her left hand a soft, thick cloth that will feel comfortable to the tender skin of her baby. A sweeping curve from the neck and right shoulder ends in the right hand that clasps the Child under the left arm, while his little arm lies babyishly along her larger one.

The baby has on no clothing, and half sits, half stands, on the capacious lap and arms of the mother. He is a robust little baby with a well shaped head, a round face, dimpled hands and elbows, plump limbs and playful feet. Taken altogether it is the form of a chubby, well-rounded little body.

Both the boy and his mother have the black hair and dark eyes characteristic of the Andalusians. He has a shock of wavy, thick hair, with three natural little waves falling down over his forehead about in the shape of the fleur-de-lis. Perhaps it would be straining the matter a little too far to say that these three slight curls strengthen the idea of the Trinity embodied in Christ.

These waves of hair go well with the large, dark, serious eyes of the boy. His eye-brows, although slightly curved, are not so arched as those of the mother, neither is the look altogether as much one of quiet seriousness, yet undoubtedly the eyes of both express the silent sympathy and understanding between the two. There is a slight halo around the head of each to indicate to us that the artist is conscious of his limitations when it comes to painting the Divine Jesus and his saintly mother.

There is nothing harsh about the picture, no abrupt turns, no protruding points. All is softness made up of curved lines.

As we have said before, the event that gives to the picture, "Mother and Child," its significance, came to pass nearly two thousand years before this picture was painted. It was at that far-away date that Mary brought forth a son and called his name Jesus, the Savior of men.

We that are acquainted with the story of the future life of this Divine Child, think that we can read in the serious and almost exultant look, all the possibilities of the future.

The mother holds the babe in her protecting

arms, while the child leans against her bosom confidingly, although his head is held erect as if he must keep wide awake for the work that is already planned for him.

The mother's thoughts are concentrated, I think, on the child, although she looks out of the picture far beyond him. Perhaps she is looking into his future life, with a great mother love, dimly conscious of the trial that will rend her heart as the mother of the dear baby, Jesus; for she has heard through Simeon that on account of this child much suffering will be brought to the mother heart. There is on her face, however, a sense of happy mystery, as if her life has already proved a glorious experience, and promises even more for the future than for the past.

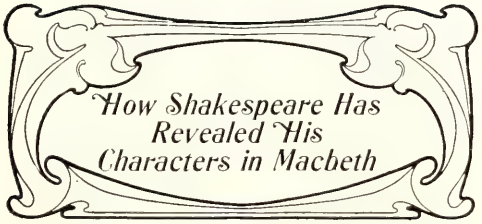
The child is like a young bird in its nest, and He leans against His mother with the assurance of a warm, soft, abiding place; but as He follows her gaze, there is a serious and even grand expression in His eyes.

Both Mary and Jesus seem to be looking beyond the bounds of ordinary life.

When all is said this picture presents to us a true likeness of Christ and his Mother as we conceive them.

The work of the artist is done simply and in keeping with the two characters. He secures unity by means of the nearness of the two figures, the position of the arms, and most of all, by the straightforward look of both in the same direction. The picture is serious, noble, and great in its very truth and simplicity. There is nothing superfluous, nothing that jars, nothing that indicates anything but self-forgetfulness on the part of each. "Both the Mother and the Boy seem to forget themselves in the thought of some great service to others."

Auburn
ALABAMA
ALABAMA



Shakespeare's conception of his characters is united with his conception of the dramatic action. His characters are full of life, depth, and truth, and their development is consistent. In "Macbeth" there is a variety of character delineation, yet each charter stands out in bold relief because of Shakespeare's use of gradation, complement, and negation.

Barrett Wendall says, "The means by which the characters of Macbeth and his Lady are expressed, indeed, would suggest doubt as to whether Shakespeare could have deliberately thought of them at all, except as concepts which he was bound to body in phrase."

From a study of the characters, we see that Macbeth is revealed to us through suggestion, through direct statements of himself and others, through his actions, and through implication. The first suggestion of Macbeth's character is given by the witches when they plan to meet Macbeth on the heath. And we are introduced to him through the report of the sergeant, who says:

"For brave Macbeth—well he deserves that name—
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandish'd steele,
Which smok'd with bloody execution,
Like valour's minion carv'd out his passage
Till he faced the slave;
Which ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,
And fixed his head upon our battlements."

When Macbeth and Banquo meet the witches on the heath, we get an insight into Macbeth's character. Banquo directs our attention to the effect produced on Macbeth by the witches:

"Good sir, why do you start and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

Through Lady Macbeth's soliloquy after reading the letter from her husband, we see more deeply into Macbeth's life:

"Thou wouldst be great,
Art not without ambition, but without the illness
should attend it:
What thou wouldst highly,
That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false,
And yet wouldst wrongly win."

She also tells Macbeth,

"Your face, my thane, is as a book where men
May read strange matters."

In Act I Scene iv, through Macbeth's own words, we see the intense selfishness of the character, and from his first soliloquy, we see the moral cowardice of the man. But from Macbeth's *actions* we get the deeper meaning of his life. He is revealed also through implication. In Ross's report of the condition of the country under the rules of Macbeth, he represents it as a place

....."Where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd for who; and good men's lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps,
Dying or ere they sicken."

Lady Macbeth is revealed almost entirely through statements of her own and through her influence on others. In her famous prayer we see that she must have realized that she was a woman with a woman's weakness:

"Come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me from the crown to the top full
Of direst cruelty!.....
.....Come to my woman's breast
And take my milk for gall, you muttering ministers,
Wherever in your sightless substances
You wait on nature's mischief!"

In the banquet scene we see from her relation to the guests that she is a woman of courtesy. The sleeping scene reveals her to us through direct statements of her own:

"The thane of Fife had a wife: where is she now?—
What will these hands ne'er be clean?
"Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes
of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand.
Oh, oh, oh."

Her influence with Macbeth also reveals her character. She says:

"Screw your courage to the sticking-place,
And we'll not fail."

Macbeth answers her plans, saying:

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

The characters of Banquo and Macduff are introduced, in a large measure, at least, for the sake of character contrast with Macbeth. Banquo is revealed chiefly through statements of his own, but the statements of others also throw some light on his character. Duncan says of him:

".....Noble Banquo,
Thou hast no less deserved nor must be known
No less to have done so——."

Banquo says on the night of the murder:

"A heavy summons lies like lead upon me
And yet I would not sleep. Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose!"

This passage has been interpreted in many ways, but there is certainly a revelation in it.

Macduff is described through his statements, and, also, through implication. In answer to Malcolm's

"Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there
Weep our sad bosoms empty."

He says:

....."Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men,
Bestride our down-fallen birthdom."

After learning of his great loss, the death of his wife and children, he cries:

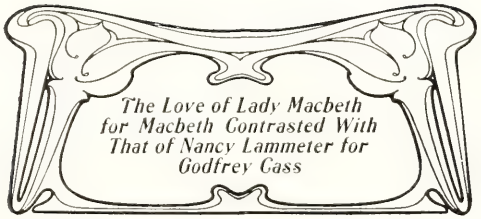
"But I must feel it as a man;
I cannot but remember such things were,
That were most precious to me.—Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part?"
"My wife killed, too?"

His wild amazement at this fate shows that he has no conception of the depth of guilt to which Macbeth has sunk, and also his own essential innocence appears in his despairing outcry:

....."Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls."

Malcolm's "Merciful Heavens!" is fraught with meaning and throws additional light on Macduff's character. Macduff begins to play in the story a prominent part just as Banquo drops out. Shakespeare thus keeps the characters apart by contrast. Banquo and Macduff make Macbeth appear even more wicked than he is.

Dr. Johnson says of "Macbeth": "The play has no nice discriminations of characters." While the "grandeur of the dramatic combination" may somewhat overshadow the individual characters, yet the personality of each character is distinct, and Shakespeare has made us feel this through direct statements, implications, influence of characters, and suggestions.



Heredity, innate tendencies, environment, development, and dominant motive, are all prominent causes for the difference between Lady MacBeth's love for Macbeth, and Nancy Lammeter's love for Godfrey Cass. Lady Macbeth, we feel sure, inherited a proud, imperious nature; Nancy, a quietly good disposition. As a consequence, heredity gave to each different tendencies. We can easily believe that Lady Macbeth from childhood up had always a wilful, high-strung temperament that never stayed within the bounds of the present, but was always reaching toward the future. Nancy, never knowing anything but obedience through her conscience to the Higher Power, held herself thoroughly subservient to the right in the present, it mattered not what suffering might come with it now or in the future. Next, the atmosphere in which each lived was a powerful agency to bring about quite opposite results. Lady Macbeth lived in a country that was "almost afraid to know itself"; Nancy lived hardly in echoing distance of turmoil and strife; thus, Nancy had more time and opportunity for choosing the better way. They each developed into strong women, capable of the deepest feeling—love. Each, however, sought in her love quite a different thing from the other. Lady Macbeth craved for Macbeth worldly honors; Nancy sought for Godfrey, happiness brought about through doing right.

All of these things—heredity, temperament, environment, development, and dominant motive in life, have to be taken into account when we consider the difference in the nature of the love of these women. Lady Macbeth stopped short of no undertaking that promised a rich harvest for Macbeth in this world; Nancy, defying disappointment and suffering, would not let herself once stray from the straight and narrow way that leads to eternal life. "Lady Macbeth's love was great, but finite; Nancy's was greater, for it partook of the infinite."

Silas Marner was, when he reached his twenty-first year, a young man of "exemplary life and ardent faith," and a citizen of Lantern Yard, where he was highly thought of. He was not a cultured man, but he was "sane and honest." From his mother, he had inherited some acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation—"a little store of knowledge which she had imparted to him as a solemn bequest." He was a pious, trusting, simple-minded linen weaver, a member of church and prayer-meeting. He trusted implicitly in God and man until there came into his life a tragic moment which almost ruined him.

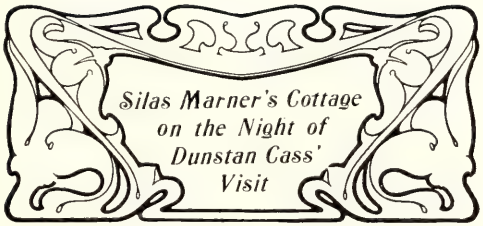
Silas was maliciously charged with theft, and the lots cast by the church declared him guilty of the crime which was really committed by one he completely trusted. Now he lost faith in God and man. In hopeless despair he left the scene of his disaster and migrated to Raveloe, and here he became a recluse. "He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come among; and the future was all dark—there was no unseen love that cared for him." He sought no man nor woman except when his need of supplies or his calling made it necessary. "He invited no one to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village." Thus he lived in frigid loneliness, in hopeless, brute despair, until a greed for gold supplied a ruling passion. The hoard of money took man's place, and he loved it as a human understanding friend. "He handled the coins, he counted them, till their form and color were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him." Beyond the money, he had no purpose. His life consisted of weaving and hoarding. Yet even in this stage, there was left

some affection in Silas, shown by the incident of his grief over breaking his earthenware pot.

When, after fifteen years of hoarding, his money was stolen, Silas' soul was once more a vacuum, until a waif—a golden-haired child out of the unknown—was accidently cast upon his protection to rescue him from his wretched state.

By this "golden-haired child" Silas was brought back to happiness and to the society of his neighbors. He must have become a gentle, loving, patient man to have reared her as he did. He loved her; she was his "all in all," the great influence of his life. He became interested in home and tried to make it comfortable and pleasant; he once more attended church and mingled with his neighbors. By degrees he was transformed into a man such as God intended him to be.

The long looked for visit to the site of Lantern Yard, with the realization that it was no more, completed the change in Silas' life. At the close he thus voices the transforming power of love: "Since the time the child was sent to me and I've come to love her as myself, I've had light enough to trusten by; and now she says she'll never leave me. I think I shall trusten till I die."



From the outside, on this dark, misty night, the ray of light from Silas' cottage was very inviting. On entering, the warm glow of the fire threw into bold relief the sad neglect of the desolate abode.

To the right of the hearth, stood the great square loom, the only article of furniure in the room that gave evidence of careful attention. Just back of the loom, was a small window, its shutters were now closed. Sand was sprinkled over the entire floor, but at the corner of the hearth near the stool of the loom, the sand was thicker than in any other place, and on close observation, the imprints of fingers might be seen.

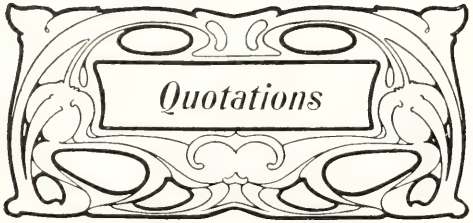
Near the center of the mantle, above the fire place, stood one of "Grandfather's" old clocks. The pendulum was still, and judging from the amount of dust which covered the clock, it might not have swung for years. To the right of the clock, were three books, and the one under the bottom looked very much like a paper covered Bible. They, too, had the appearance of neglect. On the other end of the mantle, a half-burned candle stood in a rusty candlestick.

A table was standing near the left of the fire place, on which were a few dishes, some had great cracks in them, others were chipped, and all showed the marks of time. In front of the table was a leather bottomed chair, while two others, very similar to it, were placed back against the wall.

On the left of the room, a rude shelf had been built into the wall. A number of green bottles, with one earthen waterpot standing near the center, made up the articles of furniture here.

To the right of the room, in the upper corner, stood an old square bedstead with enormous posts. Behind the door, a ragged coat was hanging, and near the center of the bed, lay a neatly folded piece of linen ready to be carried to Mrs. Osgood.

These were the furnishings of Silas Marner's cottage—the place he called home for fifteen years.



"That's no excuse whatever."

"You are on your honor. Bring up your demerits."

"You understand the situation. I'm in an embarrassing position."

"That's good. Do it again."

"How much time did you put on it?"

"Good morning, dear."

"Now just stop and think."

"All of you in?"

"Everyone is expected to wear uniform."

"Report to my room, Miss ———'s down stairs."

"Evidently you haven't studied your lesson."

"Did you do your best, dear?"

"Stop that piano!"

"That's too general. Be more definite."

"You may put him down, little girls, as one of your great characters for life study."

[Excitedly] "Was that our bell, girls?"

"I have no callers on my floor after the lights wink."

"Well—er."

"By the way, girls."

"For instance."

John was well on toward three years of age. His mother was dead; so he lived at "Rampa's," where he was disciplined, petted, and spoiled by his grandparents, two aunts, and an uncle.

John slept with his aunts week about. His greediness for stories often exhausted the acquired knowledge, as well as the creative powers, of his bedfellow. And so it was one night when he was sleeping with his Aunt Laura.

"John, can't you go to sleep?" said she.

"No, I can't get fixed; tell me a tale."

"Well, John, shall I tell you 'Little Red Riding Hood'?"

"Please."

At last, when the story reached the point where the wood-cutters rush in and exclaim, as they pound on the wolf with their clubs, "Take that, and that, and that! And old Sir Wolf is dead!" John, as usual, joined in the exclamation in his lustiest tone of voice.

Aunt Laura, thus finding that this story only served to make him more wide awake and nervous, started off in a sleepy, drowsy voice on an impromptu list of words with John repeating them after her.

"Encey, mencey, pensey," crooned Aunt Laura.

"Encey, mencey, pensey," repeated John sleepily.

And so on they said till hers was the only voice to be heard. By this she knew that John was in

dreamland,—perhaps acting the part of one of the wood-cutters; for just as Aunt Laura's eyes were closing, she saw the shadow of John's little hand rush out from the cover, and she heard him exclaim, "Take that, take that, and that!"

The following night began another week, and John must sleep with Aunt Nell. Now John and Aunt Nell always said the child prayer, "Now I lay me," in a very solemn manner, kneeling by the bed.

They had reached the part, "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to t——," when John had to stop to cough.

"Take," repeated Aunt Nell as a reminder to him of where he had left off.

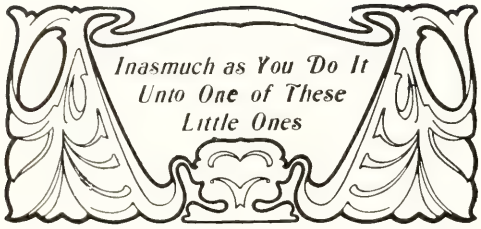
"Take that, and that, and that, and old Sir Wolf is dead!" finished John, and crawled up into his bed to sleep under the watchful care of the Lord whom he knew in name, but not in spirit.

Wanted

To see the point.
More liberty.
Holidays.
'Bus rides.
More suspicious letters.
Three hundred and seventy intellectual grasps
Receptions.
To understand the situation.
Sleep.
Significant rings.
"Uncles" on Thanksgiving.
Midnight feasts.
"Boxes."
Place to walk.
Post cards.
Private mail boxes.
Midnight chases.
Talents.
"Pink scraps."
The Presbyterian School for Boys.
Business fore-sight.

Not Wanted

Intellectual dentistry.
Calls to the office.
Boston Baked Beans.
Macaulay's Essays.
Reference Work.
"Assistance" on back work.
Alarm clocks.
Tappings at our chamber door.
Embarrassing positions.
Chemical explosions.
Six o'clock whistle.
The undistributed middle.
Cold-water sprinkles.



It was on the twenty-fourth day of December that Margie, a little girl eight years of age, came into a jewelry store to spend ten pennies, which she clutched tightly in her hand.

It was natural that the store should be crowded to the utmost on Christmas Eve. All classes of people were there, but the rich were present in great numbers. Many mothers were buying bountifully for their own children; but they were not thinking of other children like the frail child at their elbows, who held all her Christmas joy in a pink calico scrap. There were too many pleasures crowded into the holiday hours of these shoppers for them to think of any one outside of their own circle.

In this gay crowd, there was a tall, thin-faced, broad-shouldered man dressed in black. His brown eyes had a far-away look, and his face stood out in striking contrast with its joyful surroundings. His iron grey hair accentuated this suggestion of sadness. He was watching Margie in her vain attempts to get near the counters.

While waiting, however, Margie was not discouraged. She wandered about, attracted at first by a doll, then by a small stove or piano. She encircled the room several times without spending one of her pennies. There were two reasons why she did not part with her coins: one was that she got only an occasional look at the Christmas goods as the crowd surged backward and forward; the other was that the only time she succeeded in reaching the counter, she failed to gain the attention of the clerk, because she was so small and insignificant in appearance.

Now the grey-haired man noticed this small bit of a child ruthlessly pushed aside by the crowd. She attracted him because of her neatness and patience. She wore a dark blue calico dress freshly laundered. The only trimmings on the dress were the patches on each elbow and the one on the right hip. The

straight white hair was parted in the middle, plaited in one small plait, and tied at the end with a short piece of faded blue ribbon. The face was long, narrow, and pale; the searching blue eyes, however, relieved somewhat the pallid face.

The grey-haired man, stooping down, said to Margie: "Be patient a little longer; in a few minutes the crowd will go to the church to decorate for tomorrow."

Sure enough the crowd soon thinned; and Margie could see more easily anything she wished. She proceeded to select presents for her mother, father, five brothers and three sisters. She chose a knife for her father, and marbles, tops, and trains for her brothers. She could not decide what to get her mother and sisters. At last she selected a cup with "Love me" on it for her mother, and a silver ring for each of the sisters.

While Margie was making her selections, the grey-haired man was watching her from the opposite end of the store. Finally, he heard her trying to persuade a clerk to wrap up the articles as she pointed them out, and he also saw her hand the clerk a penny for each of them.

"Why, child, you couldn't get one of these things with all the money you've got!" caught his ear.

And then came Margie's reply, "I can get anything I want at the penny store for a penny, and I don't see why I can't here, too."

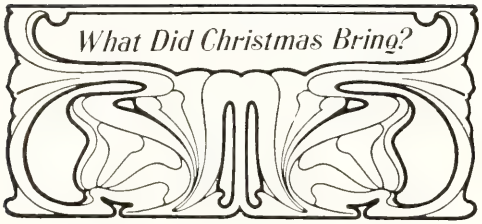
She could keep the tears back no longer; for those ten pennies represented several months of self-sacrificing.

Margie was just leaving the store when the grey-haired man caught her gently by the arm and said, "Come, my child, and we shall see where the trouble lies. What is it you want?"

Margie's face brightened as she again pointed out her selections. Together, they watched the varied gifts wrapped as before.

"But," exclaimed Margie, "the clerk said I couldn't get these with my money?" As she spoke, she held up her ten pennies in the pink scrap.

The stranger answered, "Just give him your money and street number and everything will be all right, for I am the one to say what the articles in this store are to cost."



"O, Edith, where are you going? To walk? Wait, and I'll go with you. Say, have you written your Christmas story?"

"I can't say yet. I have one started, but it is a poor thing. Where do you think the climax ought to come? I put what I think is the climax at the beginning. I really can't remember where Miss Wells said have it come. I wish she would let us wait until after Christmas to hand our stories in, and I'd *make* something happen while I'm at home."

This conversation took place between two promising Sophomores of a Southern boarding school for girls.

The same evening at supper, the girls at one of the tables were discussing spiritedly the same subject, Christmas stories.

Mattie, another of the Sophomores, said to the whole table:

"I know what I'll do,—write to Mrs. Strickland to tell me one of her stories and that will help me think up one for myself. But if I do write to her, you all will laugh and plague me about Joe," with a teased laugh.

"Oh, well, that's what you are wanting, Mattie, more than the story—news of Joe. As to my story, I have had three or four plots fixed in my mind. But that's the trouble, they are so fixed that they won't move off nor on. I wish Miss Wells would let us wait until after Christmas for the stories, for I have so much to do that I don't have time to think of anything that ever happened. I feel sure that some tragic event will come off this Christmas while I am at home. I'll go with anybody that will go and ask Miss Wells to let us hand our stories in after we get back!"

This lengthy, but hurried speech came from a Senior.

The next day in the alphabetical line at mail-call an L said to an M:

"Have you written your Christmas story?"

"Yes, it's all ready to hand in," said M., a Junior, who had the conscious smile of never having been behind time in anything. "But I really would change my story a little as to its theme, if I could wait and hand it in after Christmas; for my theme is, 'And a little child shall lead them,' and every one that I've heard mention her story has that same theme. And, too, I'm afraid I prolonged the death scene too far," she added.

"Well, I think Miss Wells ought to know that we have a lot of things to do just before Christmas. I wish she would put off the stories. Papa remembers ever so many things that happened to him long ago at Christmas, and I certainly would take down with pen and ink every word that fell from his lips this Christmas. Oh, I'm so glad I'm going home!" And up the line the freshman moved to see if she had a letter from home.

Things ran on in this unsatisfactory way for about a week. No one was found bold enough to carry the request to Miss Wells, the English teacher. She did hear, however, in some way, that the girls wished more time on their assigned work, and she kindly agreed to let them hand in their Christmas stories after the holidays.

But alas for those who put off for tomorrow what should be done today!

On the morning before the girls were to go home the president remained after prayers to speak to the girls. There was no use to ask for attention—everyone was on the alert, for the president's talk was certain to be something about going home; and going home meant getting that Christmas story without much thinking.

"Young ladies," the voice began, "there are five of your number in the infirmary sick with mumps. And while I regret very much to tell you what this necessitates, yet I believe you will recognize the wisdom of the decision. We have decided to give only two days Christmas, and there will be positively no going home."

Immediately following this speech, the tearful voices of three hundred girls moaned out:

"Oh, that Christmas story! Oh!"

Grinds

Lost in the cause of Chemistry—One white waist. If recovered by future A. G. I. S. experimenters please return to M. McCord.

Della (to Aunt Sallie, who had been off to a wedding)—"Did you congratulate them, Aunt Sallie?"

Aunt Sallie—"No, honey, de uz already dressed when I got dar."

Maude—"Sarah, what made you stop going to the Baptist church?"

Sarah—"I have decided to go to the Episcopal church because all my descendants were Episcopalians."

January 14, 1907—Lula (breathless with interest) "Oh, I've been down to the library reading all about Homer's election."

Mr. Moore (to his bookkeeping class)—"Young ladies, for your next lesson please read 'Franklin's Autobiography.'"

Daisy—"Who is the author, Mr. Moore?"

Miss K (to history class)—Little girls, I had alway thought that I had a rasping voice, but this afternoon, strange to say, it seems to have a soothing effect on you.

Bert—"I'm glad I don't have to travel with my mind, for if I did I'd certainly be tired when night comes."

Ask Ettie Mae if she has read *Scott's* "The Last of the Mohicans."

Mary (at the close of prayer service)—"Let us repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert."

(She begins)—The Lord is my shepherd, etc—"

Girl—"Annie Seay's father came this afternoon."

Miss S.—"You say Annie Seay swallowed a cane this afternoon?"

Girl—"Please tell me where you were born, and whether in the spring, summer, fall or winter."

Other Girl—"I was born at ———, but as to the time of the year, I do not know."

Ask Alberta if she knows anything about "Abel, son of Noah."

Grinds—Continued

Teacher in Mathematics—"Have you been through Algebra?"

Pupil—"Yes ma'am. But it was dark and I couldn't tell much about the place."

A. R.—This paper was read on Franklin's Anniversary.

M. M.—No. Franklin's Anniversary was last year.

To a New Pupil on Registering—"To what denomination do you belong?"

New Student—"I-I don't know what that means."

S.—"Do you take free-hand sight singing?"

Teacher—"Miss A., what is the meaning of the word biceps?"

Miss A.—"A biceps is a two-legged animal."

A Girl Who Rooms in No. 114—"Miss Laura, please buy me a pair of gloves."

Miss Laura—"What number?"

The Girl—"Number 114."

Aunt Sallie—"Aint your name Lucile?"

Lucile—"Yes—why?"

Aunt Sallie—"Well, why aint your sister Fanny, named Fannycile?"

Miss H., who frequently referred to "Virginia" before the Preps. and who is incidentally interested in Latin authors—"Horace didn't say that."

Prep.—"Did you meet him in Virginia?"

Mary to Maggie—"Do you suppose the teacher would object to my writing on one of those stenographers?"

Miss S. to G—"If I should measure the distance from here to Aldrich, according to the Metric System, what would be my unit of measure."

"Kiloliters," was the prompt reply.

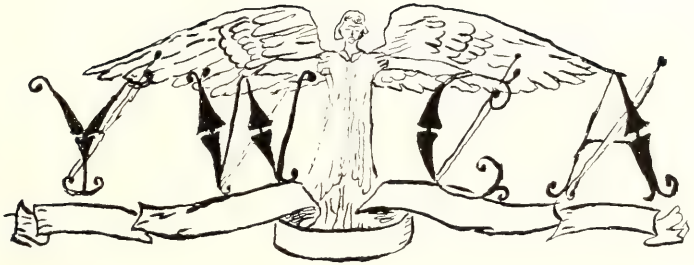
A Freshman, just beginning Algebra, having reached "Simultaneous Equations" was asked:

"What is the subject of our lesson today?"

"Stimulated Equations," one weak voice replied.

Organizations

'06 Y.W.C.A. '07
ELIZABETH BULLOCK
LILLIAN McVAY
DAISY DUNLAP
ALBERTA SCRUGGS
CHAIR PRAYER MEET.
NELL CLEVELAND
CHAIR MUSIC COM.
IRENE DIGHTMAN
ROSENA PATTERSON
CHAIRMAN SOCIAL COM.
LULU EDENS
MISSIONARY COM.



Members of Cabinet

ELIZABETH BULLOCK . . . . . PRESIDENT

LILLIAN McVAY . . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT

DAISY DUNLAP . . . . . RECORDING SECRETARY

NEALIE NETTLES . . . . . CORRESPONDING SECRETARY

MINNIE BEACH . . . . . TREASURER

LULA EDENS . . . . . CHAIRMAN OF MISSIONARY COMMITTEE

NELL CLEVELAND . . . . . CHAIRMAN OF MUSIC COMMITTEE

ALBERTA SCRUGGS . . . . CHAIRMAN OF PRAYER MEETING COMMITTEE

FLORENCE PATTERSON . . . . . CHAIRMAN OF SOCIAL COMMITTEE

THE W. Y. C. A. HAS TWO HUNDRED AND THIRTY-SIX MEMBERS

ALPHA
CLUB
1907
A C I S

Alpha Club

Colors . . . . . PURPLE AND GOLD

Motto . . . . . "FOR GOD AND OUR COUNTRY"

Flower . . . . . PANSY

Officers

MARY PETERS . . . . . PRESIDENT

ELIZABETH BULLOCK . . . . . VICE-PRESIDENT

ETTIE MAE HATCHER . . . . . TREASURER

MINNIE BEECH . . . . . SECRETARY

FLORENCE PATTERSON . . . . . CRITIC

NANNIE DAVIS . . . . . HISTORIAN

Active Members

BEECH, MINNIE

BULLOCH, ELIZABETH

DAVIS, NANNIE

DAVIS, ELLEN

HATCHER, ETTIE MAE

JOHNSON, PEARL

LENOIR, LUCY

MCCLENNON, SADIE

MCLENNAN, IRENE

MCREE, IDA

MCVAY, LILLIAN

NETTLES, NEALIE

PATTERSON, FLORENCE

PETERS, MARY

HONORARY MEMBER—MISS ELIZABETH MAUDE HALEY

CASTALIAN
LITERARY SOCIETY
ALBERTA SCRUGGS
DAISY DUNLAP
MATTIE GARNER
ELIZABETH BULLOCK
LILLIAN MCVAY
LULU EDENS
FANNY ROSSON
ALMA ROBINSON
MINNIE BEECH
IONE CROW
MATTIE BENTLY
VESTA JONES
EUNORA FARRIS
ELLA THOMAS
WILLIE JENKINS
NELL CLEVELAND
A. C. L. S.

Castalian Literary Society

Motto . . . . . "Ad Astra per Aspera"

Flower . . . . . Daisy

Colors . . . . . Yellow and White

Officers

NELL CLEVELAND . . . . . President — ELLA THOMAS . . . . . Vice-President

MINNIE BEECH . . . . . Secretary — ALBERTA SCRUGGS . . . . . Treasurer

LULA EDENS . . . . . Critic

Honorary Members

Miss Sophia Fitts — Miss Anne Kennedy

Miss Mae Harwell — Miss Lila McMahon

Active Members

Bentley, Mattie

Bullock, Elizabeth

Beech, Minnie

Cleveland, Nell

Crowe, Ione

Dunlap, Daisy

Edens, Lula

Farris, Eunora

Garner, Mattie Estelle

Jenkins, Willie

Jones, Vesta

McVay, Lillian

Robinson, Alma

Rosson, Fannie

Scruggs, Alberta

Thomas, Ella

Vassar, Lucile

A.C.L.S.
1907
JULIA
STRUDWICK
TUTWILER
CLUB

Julia Strudwick Tutwiler Club

Colors . . . . . Red and White *Flower* . . . . . Carnation

Motto . . . . . "Ad Astra Per Aspera"

Officers

PEARL JOHNSON . . . . . President
MARY McCORD . . . . . Vice-President
SARA DALE . . . . . Secretary
IMOGENE WALDROP . . . . . Treasurer
URSULA DELCHAMPS . . . . . Critic
BRICE MILLER . . . . . Historian

Honorary Members

Miss Elizabeth Maude Haley
Miss Sara Louise Callen
Miss Sallie Jacqueline Hardaway
Miss Mary Young
Mrs. R. R. Ellison
Miss Maude Elizabeth Hayes
Miss Marion Hall
Miss Mary Goode Stallworth
Miss Pearlee Wilson
Miss Elizabeth Houston Winston
Miss Minna Theresa Grote

Active Members

Allison, Cora
Coleman, Laurine
Crawford, Mary
Crawford, Sara
Dale, Sara
Delchamps, Ursula
Garrett, Beulah
Gordon, Bessie
Hare, Lila Mae
Hatcher, Ettie Mae
Johnson, Pearl
Lenoir, Lucie
Massey, Ella
McCord, Mary
Miller, Brice
Neely, Margaret
Nettles, Nealie
Patterson, Florence
Patton, Eola
Siebald, Lida
Shipp, Della
Shivers, Kathleen
Vaughan, Elizabeth
Waldrop, Imogene

EMMA HART WILLARD CLUB
IONE CROWE
LOCKIE POSEY
HELEN WINDHAM
ELLEN DAVIS
LUCIE REYNOLDS
ELIZABETH VAUGHT
DELLA SHIPP
URSULA DELCHAMPS
CLYDE PURIFOY
ELLA THOMAS
MABEL MYERS
JEWEL HUDGENS
1907

The Emma Hart Willard Club

Motto . . . . . "Evolution Necessary to Expression"

Colors . . . . . Blue and Gold

Flower . . . . . Pansy

Officers

DELLA SHIPP . . . . . President

NANNIE DAVIS . . . . . Vice-President

ELIZABETH VAUGHAN . . . . . Secretary

ELLEN DAVIS . . . . . Critic

MABEL MYERS . . . . . Treasurer

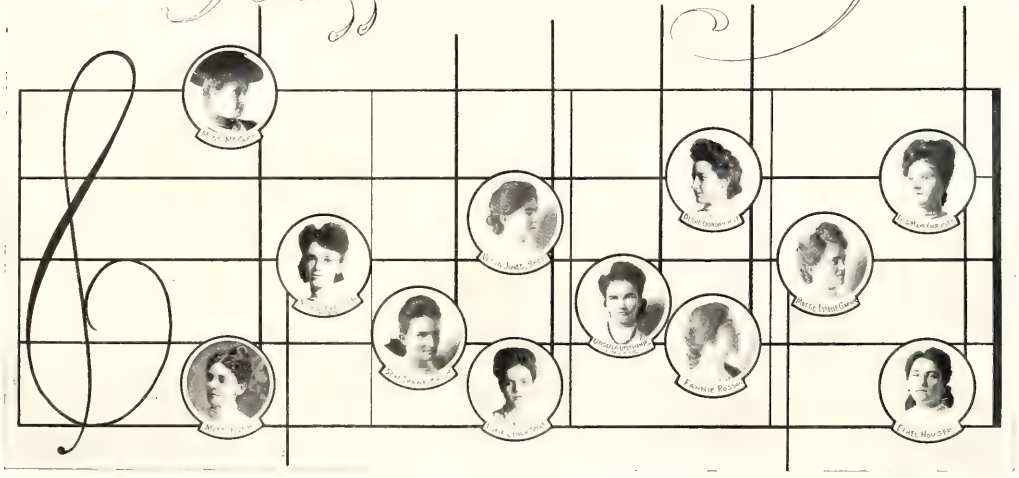
FLORENCE DIXON . . . . . Historian

CLYDE PURIFOY . . . . . Poet

Members

Atkinson, Lillie
Crowe, Ione
Davis, Ellen
Davis, Nannie
Delchamps, Ursula
Dixon, Florence
Ennis, Clancy
Holt, Re
Hudgens, Jewel
Hutcheson, Annie
Myers, Mabel
Posey, Lockie
Purifoy, Clyde
Reynolds, Lucy
Robinson, Susie
Shipp, Della
Thomas, Ella
Thompkins, Lula
Vaughan, Elizabeth
Windham, Helen

Shayan's Society



The Schumann Society

Motto . . . . . "Poco `a Poco"

Flower . . . . . Lilac

Colors . . . . . Lilac and White

Officers

NELL CLEVELAND . . . . . President

SARA CRAWFORD . . . . . Vice-President

VESTA JONES . . . . . Secretary

LUCIE LENOIR . . . . . Treasurer

URSULA DELCHAMPS . . . . . Critic

BESSIE GORDON . . . . . Historian

KATE PATTERSON . . . Chairman of Membership Committee

LUCIE LENOIR . . . . . Chairman of Program Committee

HONORARY MEMBERS—Miss Edna Bush, Mrs. Walter P. McConnaughey, Miss Bessie McCary

Active Members

Cleveland, Nell

Crawford, Sara

Delchamps, Ursula

Embry, Renfroe

Gardner, Ella Maye

Garner, Mattie Estelle

Gordon, Bessie

Houser, Ethel

Jones, Vesta

Lenoir, Lcuie

Lyman, Laura

Patterson, Kate

Rosson, Fannie

Sellers, May

Sellers, Sallie

St. Cecilia Music Club

Colors . . . . . Purple and White

Flower . . . . . Violet

BRICE MILLER . . . . . President

SARA DALE . . . . . Vice-President

ANNIE HUTCHESON . . . . . Secretary

EDNA BARGE . . . . . Treasurer

KATHLEEN SHIVERS . . . . . Critic

Roll

HONORARY MEMBERS—Miss Margaret Boardman, Miss Pearlee Wilson

Members

Barge, Edna
Crump, Linola
Dale, Sara
Dowling, Bertie Mae
Grey, Mabel
Griffin, Olivia
Hall, Virginia
Hitt, Bessie
Hudgens, Jewell
Hurst, Josephine
Hutcheson, Annie
Lyon, Marguerite
Lindsey, Donnell
Lindsey, Ruth
Miller, Brice
Patton, Eola
Posey, Lockie
Powell, Floride
Sanders, Canna
Sims, Laura
Shivers, Kathleen
Smith, Lilla
Traylor, Annie Mae
Thompkins, Lula
Williams, Pearl
Walker, Nonie

Art Club

Colors . . . . . Baby Blue and White

Flower . . . . . Forget-Me-Not

Officers

EMMA LONG . . . . . President

BESSIE THOMAS . . . . . Vice-President

ROSALIE POOLE . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

CLAUDE SANDERS . . Chairman of Refreshment Committee

Members

Miss Pinkston

Mattie Bentley

Elizabeth Bullock

Mary Cameron

Elva Cunningham

Leola Faulk

Annie Holmes

Emma Long

Laura Lyman

Rosalie Poole

Mary Readus

Maggie Rikard

Claude Sanders

Fannie Scogin

Bessie Thomas

Louise Thomas

Kandy Kooking Klub

Kolors . . . . . CHOCKOLATE AND KREAM *Flower* . . . . . BUTTERCUP

Motto . . . . . "WORK HARD AND EAT A PLENTY, HAVE A GOOD TIME AND DON'T LEAVE ANY"

LAURA MAE BAKER . . . . . CHIEF KOOK

MATTIE ESTELLE GARNER . . . . AUTHOR OF MANNERS

CATE BULLOCK . . . . . EGG BEATER

ELLA MAYE GARDNER . . . . . KANDY MAKER

SUDIE CROOK . . . . . CHIEF EATER

ELLA THOMAS . . . . . OLIVE FIEND

School Girl Maxims

Economy is never candy.

A "nitch in time saves a fine.

Order is Mrs. Babb's first law.

Outline is the thief of time.

An ounce of butter in a napkin is worth two in a dish.

Beefsteak is like pebbles in the mouth.

To eat is human; to sleep divine.

A lesson done is something won.

A holiday is a pearl of great price.

Alex and his bell wait for no girl.

Give me marshmallows, or give me nuts.

A penny lent is a penny spent.

Speak twice before you shriek.

A girl is known by the floor she sweeps.

A ship without a rudder is like a girl without a lover.

Dare to do right, for right will never die.

A lamp that's sooty is a task forever.

When teachers firmly say, "Thou must," the maiden sighs, "I can't."

Good marks are more than coronets.

It's the wrong road that offers no learning.

Athletics

B.B.T.

Baby Basket Ball Team

B. B. B. T.,
Little, little are we,
  Although we are small,
  We may beat them all.
B. B. B. T.

Colors—Baby Pink and White.
Captain—Corrie Bess Hall.
Sponsor—Miss Young.
Maids of Honor—Miss Overall, Miss Lawhon, Miss McMahon.

Members

Anna Bush
Conde Cunningham
Blanche Hafner
Corrie Hall
Elma Oates
Thomasine Palmer
Jennie Scruggs
Kathleen Tidmore
Nonie Walker
Pearl Williams

CAT
CAT

Champion Athletic Team

Colors . . . . . CRIMSON AND WHITE

Flower . . . . . RED CARNATION

Yell

C. A. T. 's
C. A. T. 's
C. A. T. 's Are We!
We'll Win! We'll Win!
One, Two, Three!

LUCY H. REYNOLDS . . . . . CAPTAIN

ELEANOR CARR . . . . . SPONSOR

ELIZABETH H. WINSTON . . . . . MAID OF HONOR

Members

BEASLEY, MAE — HALL, JENNIE B.
PURIFOY, CLYDE — REYNOLDS, LUCY H.
WILLIAMS, MYRA — WINDHAM, HELEN

'08
YWCA

Junior Athletic Club

Colors . . . . . GREEN AND WHITE

Cheer

Jac-a-bocker, Jac-a-bocker,
Rip, bum, bah.
Montevallo, Montevallo,
Rah, rah, rah!

Jac-a-bocker, Jac-a-bocker,
Eight plus eleven,
Juniors, Juniors,
Nineteen seven.

Sponsor—MISS HALEY
Maids of Honor—MISS FITTS, MISS GROTE, MISS FRANKLIN, MISS HARDAWAY

Members

BEECH, MINNIE
BENTLEY, MATTIE
BULLOCK, ELIZABETH
DEER, ELLA
DUNLAP, DAISY
EDENS, LULA
FARRIS, EUNORA
GARNER, MATTIE ESTELLE
GARRETT, BEULAH
HAGGARD, JANIE
JONES, VESTA
MASSEY, ELLA
MCREE, IDA
MCVAY, LILLIAN
PATTERSON, FLORENCE
POSEY, LOCKIE
SEIBOLD, LYDA
WALDROP, GENIE
WILLSON, MABLE

Tennis Club

Colors . . . . . Garnet and White

Flower . . . . . Red Carnation

Officers

ELLA THOMAS . . . . . President

MARTHA RALLS . . . . . Vice-President

ELLA MAYE GARDNER . . . . . Secretary and Treasurer

Cheer

Lick-a-re ! Lick-a-re !
Tennis we play,
Montevallo, Montevallo,
Rip ! Boom ! Ray !

Lick-a-re ! Lick-a-re !
The best we are,
We're the tennis girls,
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !

Members

Laura Mae Baker
Cate Bullock
Sudie Crook
Ella Maye Gardner
Mattie Estelle Garner
Mary Jo Patterson
Martha Ralls
Ella Thomas

Professionals

Colors . . . . . WHITE AND BLACK *Emblem* . . . . . BASKET BALL

Yell

Boom-a-lack, Boom-a-lack,
Chi, Chi, Chee,
Professionals, Professionals,
Fourteen Plus Three.

CAPTAIN . . . . BRICE MILLER SPONSOR . . . . . MISS McMAHON

Members

LAURA MAE BAKER
CATE BULLOCK
NELL CLEVELAND
SUDIE CROOK
SARA DALE
RENFRO EMBRY
EMMA GIBSON
JOSEPHINE HURST
RUTH LINDSEY
DONNELL LINDSEY
EMMA LONG
MARGUERITE LYON
BRICE MILLER
KATE PATTERSON
MARY JO PATTERSON
EVELYN PINKSTON
MARTHA RALLS
ELLA THOMAS

Will

We, the Senior Class of 1907, of the City of Montevallo, State of Alabama, hereby declare this instrument to be our **Last Will and Testament,** and hereby revoke all former testamentary dispositions of our property heretofore made by us.

First—To the Faculty of the A. G. I. S.:

To Mr. Moore, a laurel wreath for his loyalty to us as a Class.

To Miss Tice, ten uniform caps.

To Miss Stallworth, our elevated "plane" of thought.

To Miss Young, three cheers for her trip abroad.

To Mrs. Babb, all our future scientific discoveries.

To Miss Sanders, all the favors received from Mr. McMath.

To Mr. Moore, all our unridden 'bus rides.

To Miss Haley, all our past experiences.

To Miss Franklin, a wish that she may have a daily long distance 'phone message.

To Miss Winston, one year's subscription to the Weekly Advertiser.

To Miss Allen, the hope that she may have a date for every Lyceum number.

To Miss Boardman, the love of the Class.

To Miss Wilson, a bunch of sweet peas.

To Miss McCary, a 1910 style picture hat.

Second—To the Officers of the A. C. I. S.:

To Miss Laura, one of our number as a messenger in the interest of her long distance 'phone.

To Mrs. Harris, a menu for Monday.

To Miss Henderson, all our empty medicine bottles.

To Dr. Kinson, all the "untaken" phosphate of soda.

Third—To the Girls of the A. G. I. S.:

To Jennie Hall, Ettie Mae Hatcher's studiousness.

To Lucie Lenoir, a watch set thirty minutes ahead of time.

To Sudie Crook, Sara Dale's beauty, that she may have no further use for her almond cream.

To Minnie Beech, Mary McCord's mantle, that she may have a double portion of the prophetic spirit.

To Florence Dixon, Cora Allison's art of questioning that in traveling she may gain more knowledge to impart.

To Serena Lea, Bessie Gordon's giddy smiles, that she may practice them on whomsoever she will.

To Daisy Dunlap, Brice Miller's soprano voice, that she may carry two parts in the Y. W. C. A. choir.

To Lyda Seibold, Alma Robinson's natural curiosity, that she may be an original investigator in Chemistry.

To Mary Peters, a wish that she may have a model kindergarten.

To Pearl Johnson, a "box" and only one companion.

To Mary Harrison, Nealie Nettles' spare moments, so that she may have more time to spend with Lila McWilliams.

To Ursula Delchamps, Nell Cleveland's physiological basis of apperception, that she may seize the "psychological moment."

To Lilian McVay, Alberta Scruggs' "scootin'" around energy, that she may be able to get out of the way of chemistry explosions.

To the Junior Class, our "realized" prosperity, undisturbed peace, and supreme happiness.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS,
Per Nealie Nettles, Sec'y.

Attested by:
FLORENCE PATTERSON,
President of Junior Class.

Since looking over these bequests, in remembrance of faithful service rendered by our dusky friends, we make the following codicil:

To Aunt Rachel, a marble bread-board.

To Robert, all our literary productions that made the acquaintance of the waste-basket.

To George, a muffled-tone supper bell for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A.

To John, a set of spring gate latches to keep out the cows.

To Alex, all our chemistry aprons.

To Ed, all our uneaten fried chicken.

To Aunt Sallie, ten well-worn brooms.

(Signed) SENIOR CLASS.
Per Nealie Nettles, Sec'y.

The parting day is here,
  Farewells must now be said;
Soon we shall gather home,
  By that sweet thought we're led.

To leave our school so dear,
  Our friends and teachers too,
Fills every heart with grief
  As now we say adieu.

Through many trying times
  Our class will have to go,
Bowed down beneath the cares
  Which now we do not know.

Yet through the gloom we'll see
  The lessons great of truth
Which we have learned while here
  To seek in early youth.

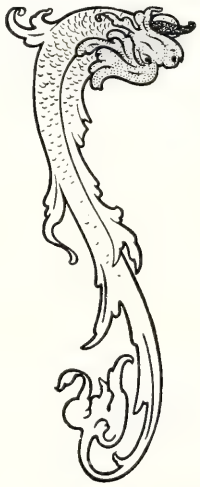
May they not only be
  To us a guide to rest,
But may they lead our friends
  To thee, A. G. I. S.

Although we say farewell,
  We'll e'er be joined in thought
And one in purpose true
  To live what thou hast taught.

Looking Backward

Advertisements

ALABAMA
GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL



MONTEVALLO
ALABAMA

Rev. Francis M. Peterson, A. M., D. D.
President

James Alexander Moore,
President, pro tempore

Session begins Wednesday, September 11, 1907. Location high and healthful. Strong Professional and Technical Courses. Faculty of 30 Teachers. Session extended. Total Expenses, $103.00. For Catalogue, address the President, pro tempore. . . . . . .

SCHLOSS & KAHN

WHOLESALE GROCERS
AND FANCY GOODS SPECIALTIES

AGENTS FOR
TIEDEMANN'S LILY. PERFECTION AND
DELMONICO FLOUR

MONTGOMERY, ALA.

THE INCOMPARABLE

...New Home Sewing Machine...

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

ADDRESS

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

No. 10 EQUITABLE BLDG, ATLANTA, GA.

It is a Pleasure to Use Stationery
Furnished by the

Brannon Printing Co.

TALLADEGA, ALA.

Our Printing for Advertisers Brings Business

Schwartz, Kirwin & Fauss,

"If We Made It For Gold, It's Gold."

Class, College and Fraternity Pins,
Medals and Badges

42 Barclay Street - - NEW YORK, N. Y.

CRANE CO.

Pipe, Valves and Fittings

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

THE RELIABLE MAIL ORDER MUSIC HOUSE

THE GEO. B. JENNINGS CO.

OF CINCINNATI, O.,

Solicits your patronage and begs to inform teachers that they are equipped to handle all business entrusted to them. Our specialty is catering to the wants of Colleges and Teachers. We do not confine our selections to our own catalogue; on the contrary, we send the best from all American and foreign publications. Give us a trial. STOCK COMPLETE, PRICES LOWEST, EDITIONS VERY BEST. Terms upon application. All selections made under the supervision of Mr. Jennings.

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA

OPENED 1831

JOHN W. ABERCROMBIE, LL. D.
PRESIDENT

FORTY-FOUR officers of instruction and government. Regular enrollment for last session, 491; summer school enrollment, 316; total, 807. Excellent library and laboratories. Well equipped gymnasium. Electric lights. Spring water. Good health. Athletics.

Graduate and undergraduate courses in twelve academic schools, to-wit: Biology, Chemistry and Metallurgy, English, German, Greek, History and Political Economy, Latin, Mathematics, Mineralogy and Geology, Philosophy and Education, Physics and Astronomy, Romance Languages, Professional Courses in Engineering—Civil and Mining—Law, Medicine, and Pharmacy.

Graduates excel in all vocations. Tuition in Academic and Engineering Departments free to Alabamians. After first year worthy students assisted financially. Expenses moderate.

NEXT SESSION OPENS WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1907.

For Catalogue, address C. H. JONES, Secretary, University, Ala.

COLLEGE GIRLS, GO TO

GEORGE KROELL'S

DEPARTMENT STORE

FOR YOUR WANTS

DEALER IN EVERYTHING

ALSO OWNS THE BEST LIVERY STABLE IN ALABAMA. HACKS MEET ALL TRAINS

F. W. ROGAN'S

FURNITURE STORE

MAIN STREET

HOUSEHOLD AND KITCHEN FURNITURE

. . ALSO . .

FRUITS, CANDIES AND CONFECTIONS

A. K. PARKS

DENTIST

MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

D. L. WILKINSON, M. D.

PHYSICIAN

FOR

ALABAMA
GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL

MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

Merchants & Planters Bank

OF MONTEVALLO, ALABAMA

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

YOUR ACCOUNT IS SOLICITED

OFFICERS

C. L. MERONEY . . . . . President
J. ALEX. MOORE . . . . . Vice-President
Wm. LYMAN . . . . . Cashier

DIRECTORS

D. L. WILKINSON J. H. McMATH C. L. MERONEY
Wm. LYMAN J. ALEX. MOORE R. E. WOOLLEY

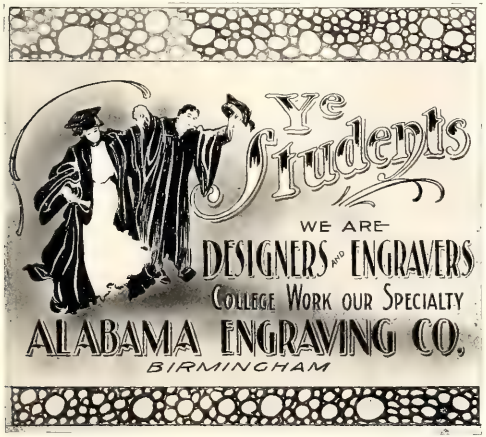
HUMANITY has few greater enemies than the smallest one—DUST—ever present and ever active; DUST fills our lungs and our bodies with disease-breeding germs. The greatest preventative for DUST and its danger is *STANDARD FLOOR DRESSING.*

For sale everywhere by *Standard Oil Company, Incorporated.*

SOUTHERN HOTEL

WHILE PASSING THROUGH SELMA
STOP AT THE SOUTHERN HOTEL

CENTRALLY LOCATED RATES REASONABLE
SPECIAL ATTENTION SHOWN LADIES



Send Your Orders For

Engraved Invitations and Visiting Cards

TO

Roberts & Son

"THE BIG ALABAMA HOUSE"

Engravers, Society Stationers, PRINTERS Blank Book Makers and Lithographers

PRINTERS OF THIS BOOK

STORE AND PLANT
1812 THIRD AVENUE
BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

AMERICA'S GREAT DIAMOND HOUSE

WRITING PAPERS
and Emblematic Jewelry

WE will engrave a College, Society or Fraternity die, when accompanied by an order of 500 sheets and envelopes, without charge. Some exceptionally good values we have to offer are 500 sheets and envelopes of either Modern Linen in four tints, Crystal Bond, (Azure, Cream, Blue or Heliotrope), Imperial Vellum (White or Blue), Vienna Bond (White or Blue), for the sum of $8.25. Write for samples, or if you cannot wait, intrust the selection to us.

$1.00 Box, Special Value

Containing 50 sheets and 50 envelopes, which we offer at $1.00 stamped with a single letter or a 2-letter monogram.

$2.00 Box, Special Value

Contains 100 sheets and 100 envelopes of our very fine Folle de Soie Linen Paper stamped with monogram or single letter.

Special 100 Sheets and 100 Envelopes of our fine "Modern Linen" stamped with single, two letter monogram or die, like design to right..... **$1.50**

Fine Visiting Cards

Another specialty for which Jaccards are famed. The superiority of our engraving and printing of Visiting Cards.

$1.50 for fine engraved script plate and 100 cards.
$1.00 for 100 fine cards from your own plate.
Write for **Specimen Book** and **Our Prices.**

Emblematic Jewelry

Class Pins, Badges, Trophies, Medals, Rings, Prize Cups, Etc. Having splendidly equipped shops right on the premises and a large staff of skilled workmen constantly employed, we can furnish the highest quality of work on the shortest notice. When desired, we furnish special designs for class pins, rings, etc; we solicit your patronage, feeling sure that a trial will prove of the utmost satisfaction.

Solid Gold Hat Pin with raised emblem.

Solid Gold Stick Pin with raised emblem.

Estimates Furnished on Request.

Our New Catalog—A 328 page book, which contains 8000 Illustrations of the world's finest collection of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry and Silverware—Mailed Free—Gives full particulars—Write for it.

Jaccards

Mermod, Jaccard & King

Broadway, Cor. Locust

St. Louis, Mo.